The SATURDAY EVENING POST

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AT MID-DAY.

BY H. S. COREY.

"Tis ap the knocker! say I'm sick—I'm dead!"

Shut out the daylight, dear! I am so tired,
So overworn, and weary for the night.
I was but weak and so much was required—
I cannot finish. Shut away the light!

Bring close the shutters! drop the curtains down!
My eyes are tired of all the world to-day;
They see my garden rank and overgrown;
My vineyard mocks me. Hide it all away!

It's best half lies with tangled, trailing vines
Heavy with promise, and no hand to train!
My meadows show where that last glimmer shines,
My grasses down, and none to gather in!

I know! my half-day's work has been well wrought,
For me, a woman. Yes! on stem and bough
My fruitage hangs, to summer fullness brought.
I pruned and grafted—who shall garner now?

My work was done with willing hands enough—
I was a woman and I wearied soon.
"Not much," they said, "perhaps a little rough—"
I creep away into the shade at noon!

Only a woman, and I could not find
The quiet, household life which women know,
So took my part where there were sheaves to bind—
Not much, perhaps, but more than I could do.

My tired feet failed me in the harvest lands,
My riponed grain but half-way reapt across;
And where it dropped from overwearied hands,
My best sheaf lies half bound for winds to toss.

Shut down the windows! how my senses thrill
To jar and clashing, schoolboy laugh and shout!
Those hoops and wheels have torn my nerves until
The torture maddens. Shut the nightmare out!

Yes, child, I know! my hands have battled well:
I should have won but for this panting breast.
My hope was highest when I reeled and fell—
I lose the half-won day to Fate at last!

PRIMITIVE MODE OF DRAWING WATER.

A traveller in Madagascar describes the negro mode of drawing water as follows:—"The well was about twenty feet deep, sunk through the sand, which was kept up by boards at the sides. The water was drawn up in a large bullock's horn fastened to the end of a string made of bark, and let down by the hand to the water. Numbers of slave girls came every morning with long bamboo canes for water. These canes were six or eight feet long, and the partitions, or the joints inside, being broken, formed cylinders three or four inches wide, in which the water was conveyed from the well to the adjacent houses."

HOW A FAIRY TALE ENDED.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

The two houses lay almost within sight of each other; quite within sight of each other from the upper windows, and resembled each other too, as cottages and villas in the environs of a cathedral city generally do.

The Maples lay the nearer to Hereford; two old maple-trees leaning over the little green door in the garden wall, giving its name to the pretty white house, whose small rooms would have been in perpetual confusion but for a pair of busy, willing little hands that hovered about them. The pleasant drawing-room possessed but few knick-knacks, yet its varied signs of different tastes and occupations gave it more of a character perhaps after all. From the large bow-window, which took up nearly one side of the room, three wide stone steps led down into an irregular garden, where the flowers were bright and the weeds many, and at the bottom of which—with just one field between—the Wye flowed softly and lingeringly.

It was to this house that Mr. Kennard brought his wife and little ones, when his health failed him, and he was obliged to resign his mastership of a grammar-school in the north. It was here that the twins were born, and the mother—having only once looked upon them—closed her eyes forever on her happy, earthly home. Here now the feeble invalid father lived among his riotous boys, with his little housekeeper; his seventeen-year-old daughter, who tried so hard to take her mother's place, and felt so sadly that she failed; felt it though as she never allowed others to feel it.

Hillfield lay half a mile farther from the city, and, though so similar in its general character, was a larger and a handsomer house than the Maples, with carriage gates, and a gravel-sweep in front. The rooms were larger and loftier, boasting useless and elegant unnecessaries in profusion, and in the garden no weed was ever allowed to reach maturity. There were horses and dogs about it too; and Major Herman's own room was filled with the trophies and emblems of army life and foreign adventure.

From this room there issued, one wet, unpleasant, October evening, a gentleman in dinner-dress, with a gentle, handsome face partly concealed by a long soft brown beard. Entering the drawing-room, he bent tenderly over an old lady who lay on one of the couches.

"Mother, may I take you in to dinner to-day? Will not the change do you good?"

"I must rest where I am to-day, Noel," Mrs. Herman said, with a loving smile up into her son's face. "I am afraid to move for fear of one of my old attacks coming on."

"Then as soon as dinner is over, which will only be a short business to-night, I expect," said Major Herman, kissing his mother as he rose, "I shall go up to the Maples and ask Mr. Kennard what physician he would recommend to us. Of course he would know. And indeed I ought to return that call of his—from all I hear of him it must have been an effort."

His mother looked surprised, as she well might.

"Return a call—a first call—at this time, Noel, on this wet evening! Of what are you dreaming, dear?"

"Of you, mother," Noel answered, leaving the room with a little laugh.

It was of his mother he was dreaming truly, and no one else, as he walked up the road so rapidly. No other dream could have tempted Major Noel Herman to make a call at that hour on such a night as this. There was a bell beside the little green door in the garden wall at the Maples; but Major Herman, glancing down at his wet water-proof, thought it was not a night on which to bring out a maid unnecessarily, so he pushed it open, being ajar, and walked on to the door. This was open too; and on the step stood a round-faced, curly-haired lad of ten, whistling and looking out philosophically into the rainy atmosphere.

"Do you think I could speak to Mr. Kennard for a few minutes?" asked Noel, in that pleasant frank voice of his, which took so much from his forty years, and was generally irresistible with boys.

"Come in out of the rain," said Jerome Kennard, patronizingly; "this way, please. That dia astonishes you, I see; but it's nothing. My small brother has lost his twin, and can't tell where to find him; that's all. I'll go and settle his little affairs presently."

They were in the drawing-room by this time, and Jerome, with a boy's natural curiosity, was well criticising his visitor.

"You mean you will find his twin, I suppose," said Major Herman.

"Not I. I mean I'll find him something better to do than cry for Joe."

"Is Joe the little fellow that is lost then?" asked Noel.

The boy burst into a careless laugh. "Not quite, sir; that young scapegrace is called Eric, and this infant who is howling for him is his twin brother, Freddy. I'm Jerome; so you know three of us already."

"And I am Major Herman, of Hillfield," said Noel, laughing too; "so you know one of us. Unfortunately, there are not three to know."

"Haven't you got brothers, then?" questioned Jerome, gravely.

"No; I am my only brother. Lonely for me, is not it?"

"*I* should think it was a blessing for you," said the boy, promptly. "I'm deluged in brothers. Why, I have actually four of them; isn't it an awful lot?"

"Do you find them hard to manage?" asked Noel, rather amused.

Every feature of the boy's face was laughing. "I do, indeed. You see, my father is too delicate to be troubled by them; so, of course, I have to help Joe."

"Joe is your eldest brother, I presume," said Major Herman, beginning to wish the lad would remember that this call was intended for his father.

"I'll send Joe to you," said Jerome, as he left the room. "I suppose I can, now that row is over."

When he was gone, Major Herman turned to the fire, thinking of the quiet house at home, where no crying like that which he had just heard ever disturbed the stillness of the atmosphere; wondering what a home would be like which was so full of boys; wondering, too, why another boy should be summoned to help him—this Joe whom his brother was to send. He had stood thus some minutes, when he heard a light footstep behind him, and a soft, grave voice, very much below him, said—

"Major Herman, I believe."

He started, almost as if the little, slight, dark-faced girl had struck him, and he bowed silently as he tried to regain his self-possession.

"Excuse my having been taken by surprise," he said, then. "I was expecting, I presume, your brother Joe."

"I am Joe," she said with a merry laugh. "Joe always to my brothers. My name, though, is really Josephine. I am sorry to say my father is not at home yet, Major Herman. We expect him by the seven o'clock train. Would you object to wait until that is in? My eldest brother is meeting it: just about now, would it not be?"

Noel took out his watch rather nervously. "It is due now," he said. "Yes, if you will allow me I will wait to see him." Then, sitting down opposite her, he told her his errand; looking very often into the large dark eyes and finding there, now and then, a thoughtfulness and anxiety that seemed incompatible with the wee girlish figure and childish laugh. Curiously watching them, Noel led her to talk of her brothers, and then he saw their depths of tenderness and love.

"She is a brown-faced little thing," he thought, unconsciously bringing his common-sense to battle with the power that held him watching thus the changing face: "brown-faced and not very pretty. Such a mite too, and such a child!" Major Herman made these wise reflections as Miss Kennard walked over to the window, looking anxiously out into the dimness.

"I hope papa will come by this train," she said, with the air of a very elderly person; "I do not like his being out late; not that he is ill," she added, turning suddenly to Noel, "but weak and delicate."

"What is that?"

The question came suddenly and involuntarily from Noel himself, as a child's sharp cry pierced the closed door. Miss Kennard looked up at him with a faint little troubled smile. "I had better go for a minute, if you will excuse me."

It was not perhaps the right thing to do, but he did it impulsively, remembering only that the cry had been a cry of pain. He followed her across the little hall into the dining-room opposite, where dinner was laid for the absent master, and where a sight met them which was a novel one for him.

Clinging to the table and screaming with all his might, while he held his tongue out as far as possible, was a pretty, delicate-looking little fellow of six years old; his forehead drawn with pain, and his eyes very wide and bright. Opposite him lounged Noel's first acquaintance, Jerome, easy and defiant.

"Baby!" he muttered, with supreme contempt, as Josephine knelt beside Freddy.

"Baby boy, you ought to be in bed. What is it, dear?" Josephine whispered. "What hurt you?"

"*He* did," exclaimed the child through his tears, and looking unutterable things at his brother; "he gave me red pepper, and he knew it burnt, and I didn't."

"*What* did you give him, Jerome?" asked his sister, with a little sternness in the young voice.

"Just what he asked me for, and nothing more. He shan't have that another time, not even string when he wants it."

The passionate sobbing almost drowned this considerate remark of Jerome's, but it subsided gradually as Josephine spoke, in low tones.

"Don't say another word, Jerry. It was cowardly of you to do this, as you know quite well; but I don't believe you will ever do it again, seeing how it pains poor little Fred."

"He shouldn't be a baby," said Jerome, turning on his heel. "Eric wouldn't have hollooed like that. Eric is a man compared with that chit."

"We do not want to see men in little holland pinafores, do we, Major Herman?" asked Josephine, with a little tightening of her lips as she glanced at Jerome. "Men of six years' old would be natural curiosities, and have to go about in a show, eh Freddy? But you can be a brave little boy for all that," she whispered, as she carried him from the room, "and leave off crying before papa comes." Entering the hall as they did was a tall, grave-looking boy of fifteen, who, before he hung up his cap, stooped for his sister's kiss as the most natural thing in the world. As he did so he caught her startled look.

"What is the matter, Josie dear?" he asked, anxiously

"Has Eric not been with you, Will?"

"Why, Joe, as if I should take him out on such an evening as this!"

"We cannot find him, and I hoped he was with you."

"Never mind," he answered, as he wiped a stray tear from Freddy's eyelashes, "don't fidget. I will find the young rebel."

With a little bow to Noel, as Josie shyly introduced her second brother, this second brother ran up-stairs, and she began to apologise for keeping Major Herman out in the hall. She had evidently grown so anxious since her brother had come home alone, that he could not bear to leave her, yet could not make up his mind to encroach longer.

"I hear a step outside. May I open the door?" he said, as he hesitated.

"Thank you," she answered, very eagerly.

There ran in, as Noel did so, a handsome, gay-looking lad of nineteen or twenty, well cased in leggings and waterproof. He came in like an avalanche, shook hands in the easiest, friendliest manner with Noel as his sister introduced him, greeted her merrily, then turned round with a comical glance of interrogation as a small figure presented itself in his wake; such a funny little figure as Major Herman had seldom seen before. A small boy, who would have been the very facsimile of the little fellow who had jumped from his sister's arms at sight of him, but for the brilliant look of health upon his face; in an old felt hat, just half-a-dozen sizes too large for him, and a long plaid bound round and round his tiny figure, and from which the wee face looked forth brightly and excitedly, though the rain dropped all round him as he stood there.

"Oh, Eric, were have you been?" cried his little twin brother, seizing him eagerly, and forgetting his own woes in the joy of seeing him again.

"With Don to the station to meet papa," said the child, a little bit proudly, as he shook the rain from the big, wet hat.

Major Herman caught the look which passed between the elder brother and sister; on her side of vexed surprise, of his of gay good humor.

"I took him to the station, Joe," he said, lightly. "I hate a lonely walk, you know, and it has done the child no harm. Boys ought to learn in time to bear a wetting. A wetting won't kill you, will it, Polly?" he added, merrily, as Joe unwound the great plaid.

"I won't be called Polly, the child answered, passionately, looking up at his tall brother.

"Poll! pretty poll!" cried a voice from the background, as Jerome, taking advantage of the excitement to emerge from his disgrace and mix again in public, advanced cautiously.

"Eric," said Josie, in her pretty clear voice, which always stilled the boys' impetuous tones, "I think you ought to tell Major Herman—whom, by the way, we are keeping a long time out here—why you are sometimes called Polly. It does not mean Mary in this case, Major Herman, but Pollux. Our little twins get called Castor and Pollux, and Eric, being the younger, is Pollux."

"I don't mind Pollux," said Eric, raising his bright face to Noel; "but I don't like Polly."

"So like a parrot," chimed in Jerome, in a melancholy tone.

"I wore Don's topper, you see, Freddy," Eric said, majestically ignoring Jerome's very existence, "and it wasn't very much too big. We went off in such a scrimmage, for fear Joe should see us and not let me go."

"Eric, you forget again what words you are using," began Josephine, turning away, but not soon enough. The little fellow had seen her tears, and clung to her.

"Don't cry, Joe, don't cry. I *will* try to remember now."

If any one had told Josephine Kennard the real reason of the tears which had started so suddenly to her eyes, she would have laughed incredulously; but she was not at all a perfect girl, this little heroine of mine, and it *was* a great mortification to her that things should look so comfortless and ill-managed before this grave and courteous gentleman. When they had parted, Don, in his pleasant way, insisting on walking with Noel to Dr. Sheppey's, Josephine, still not understanding why, had a good cry by herself, her head buried in her hands. Presently a pair of round eyes took up their station opposite, gazing at her with much awe.

"Don't cry, Joe," Jerome gulped at last, advancing with much boldness. "What's the good of crying? We won't do it again."

She raised her little, dark, tear-stained face, and kissed him.

"A cry does one good sometimes, Jerry."

"I dare say you wouldn't say that if you heard me yelling."

"Joe," called Will's voice from the stairs. "Come and bid these little rascals good-night. I can do nothing for the noise they make."

She and Jerome ran up-stairs together. The tears had given place to smiles, and the little brown face left happiness behind it on each pillow upon which it had rested for a minute with its last good-night.

Don was a most gay and amusing companion to Major Herman on their walk to the city, and told him frankly of the household at the Maples. Will, he said, was the student of the family.

"A very clever fellow, Will is," he owned, generously; "so is Jerome, in his way; and my father educates them both. He gave me, too, all the education I ever had; but I'm not a scholar by nature, not a bit of it. One in a family is quite enough, don't you think so?"

Noel did not stop him to dissent from this opinion; and he went on telling him Josie taught the twins, and gave Jerry music and drawing lessons. How he was in the office of Bedford, the solicitor; fast in the office until five every day; and various things besides, which Major Noel Herman found himself strangely interested in hearing.

When the doctor's brougham had driven away from Hillfield, Major Herman returned to his mother's side, and sat for a time rather silently there.

Did you hear from Agatha this morning?" she asked, presently, looking into his thoughtful face.

"Yes; my letter comes punctual to the day every week."

"And what does she say?"

"She was in the excitement of starting to Paris when she wrote; she gives me a few comical particulars. Her aunt still refuses to spare her, and Agatha still jests about it, and believes she must stay a little longer with the 'poor old lady.' So—"

Major Herman hesitated, and his mother finised the sentence rather sadly.

"You mean—so your marriage must be still further delayed. I am grieved for your sake, Noel, but glad to have you with me."

"Don't be grieved for my sake any more, mother," said Noel, calmly. "When five

years have passed, even five more do not seem so very long."

This logic brought a smile to Mrs. Herman's pale face.

"I am anxious for the end of this long engagement," she said.

Major Herman laughed, a light, unanxious laugh.

"Oh, we shall do very well presently, mother; do not be impatient. Besides, did I not leave the army on purpose to be with you? and here are insinuations already that you are tired of me. You shall really lose me as you wish presently, though only for a little time. I am to meet Agatha in London early in April, and she will come home with me. You shall read her merry letter, if you are curious to see whether she is fretting; and you shall read the one I am going to write, if you are afraid I am doing so. You will have no fears after doing that. But what was I going to say? Oh! when you are better, would you mind calling on Miss Kennard? Your advice and experience—having brought up your own boy so successfully—may encourage her, and your friendship would please her, mother."

"Indeed I will, Noel, whenever I am able."

So from that time dated a pleasant intercourse between the two households; a pleasant friendship which did good to both. A friendship, though, which could not tempt Will often from his books, nor keep Donald at home. Poor wavering, reckless, pleasant Don! never to be depended on; never to be fully trusted; never able to give a manly *No* when he was tempted, as he was tempted—silly, wayward lad—daily and hourly in the city. His office-work was over, as he had told Noel, at five; but it was known quite well at home that they need not expect to see him then, and Josephine used to delay the tea on every conceivable pretext, later and later, hoping he would come. She would lose the keys; order hot cakes which could not be ready until an unheard-of hour; or go for a walk and forget to come home. But it was of little use; he grew worse and worse; and now in the long December evenings she began to grow weary of the waiting up for him; of the quiet speaking to him then, when all were gone to bed but they two; of his assumed regret and gay apology, of his fickle resolutions only made to be lightly broken; weary of it all, as she tried to cast this heaviest care on Him by whom no care is disregarded.

And all this time in the little child-mother's way there stood some one who seemed just sent to show her what she could wish her own boys to be. Some one who could, she thought, have helped her in every difficulty, guided her in every doubt; yet before whom she would not for the world that her eldest brother should appear as he sometimes appeared to her when she sat alone and waited for him. That one disgrace the whole world had better know before this brave and upright gentleman, she thought, the color flushing into her little dark cheeks.

Josie was thinking something of this as she stood examining her tulip-bed, bundled up in a large red shawl, when the subject of the thought came in.

"These busy little hands are to have a rest to-day," he said, in his grave kind way. "My mother is waiting for you to take a drive with her, Miss Kennard."

"I should have liked it," she said, hesitating, "but I cannot to-day."

"Too busy, I suppose," he said, with a smile; "but we never heed that. Come, Miss Josephine, my mother is frightened into hysterics at being left alone with my horse, and I do not stir without you." Tears gathered in the bright eyes as she glanced up and saw him so thoroughly in earnest. It was so pleasant to this girl, on whom rested the responsibility of a household; who from a child had only had to propose and command; to be ruled and directed herself with such a watchful tenderness. Ah! tenderer and kinder it would have been, she thought afterwards, if he had told her who he was to bring to his home when the first glad breath of spring should fill the air, without gladdening the pure young heart which had always, until then, exulted in its coming.

"Thank you, Major Herman. I will come then in one moment." She ran back, pushed open one of the low windows, from which a little eager face peeped wistfully out, and took Eric in her arms. "You shall come out and play now, dear," she whispered. "I cannot leave you there; but remember, if you ever say those forbidden words again, I shall send you up into the empty room to stay all day. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Joe."

"I don't think you will do it, because you know how wicked it is; but if you do, that is how I must punish you."

"Don says them, Joe," whispered the child, a little awfully.

"Don would not say them if he thought about it," she answered sadly; "he hears bad, wicked men in the city, and he forgets. God hears those words, Eric, darling, as plainly as He hears your prayers. Here, take him off, Freddy, and enjoy yourselves. You have waited for him, I suppose."

A troop of boys stood at the garden-door to meet Josie on her return from her drive, and followed her in to the bright warm room.

"Don is not come quite yet, I suppose?" she said, lingering at the fire while the tea waited.

"Not yet," answered Will; "he won't come to tea now."

The meal was over, the little ones went to bed, Mr. Kennard followed, and Josie settled herself opposite the timepiece with her work. Eight, nine, and Jerome went too. Ten, eleven. Will put down his book.

"Come, Joe dear, do not sit up any longer. Don has his latch-key, or he would not venture to be so late."

"I want to finish this pair of stockings," she said, quibbling a little.

"As if I did not know, dear little sister, for what you are sitting up!"

"Don't you mind staying too, Will?"

He looked into her eyes.

"You wish to see Don alone, dear; then good-night."

The gas was turned off now, and Josie sat in the lonely fire-lit room.

Twelve! and as Donald entered the room, she read his face anxiously. She interrupted his rebuke, softly and steadily.

"I must speak to you again to-night, Don, just our two selves alone. I feel as if it must be the last time, I am so tired of it. Why do you dislike your home at night?"

"Dislike it! Why, I—I—love it," he answered, laying a hot, unsteady hand on her soft dark hair.

"Then why do you always avoid it?"

"Why, you see, a fellow must have a little fun with his friends after a day's work."

"You have dearer friends in the city than you have here then, Don?"

"Well, of course, I have friends, you little innocent."

"Could not they be our friends, too?"

"I don't suppose you would care for them. They are not Major Herman's kind."

Her face was a little less pale in the firelight as she raised it in a last appeal.

"If you like them, why should not we? We are all brothers and sisters, you know, and it would be so pleasant to have you at home. We are without you all day long. The example is so bad for the others; and oh, I do so long for you at times, Donald, and papa grieves sorely at your absence."

Poor child! Once more she trusted simply and blindly in the loving kiss and promise with which he answered her; but a sharper, keener breath must touch him, Josie, before he turns aside from the smooth and easy way he has begun to travel.

Donald Kennard did not feel quite satisfied with himself that night, but in the morning the feeling was more unpleasant still. He would try to come home a little earlier, he thought, but it was such a "confounded bore" to be restricted to certain hours. The words did not pass his lips, but were in his heart as he loitered at the open door of the children's room, waiting to see what the confusion within should mean and how it would end; waiting with an amused smile on his handsome young face. Jerome had bound a towel tightly round Freddy's eyes, and was holding it on from behind, while the child kicked in every direction.

"Let go," cried Eric, stamping violently; "let *my* brother go."

Don's smile grew broader. This was such a novel style of addressing another brother—and a bigger one too.

"You look well in frowns, Polly," laughed Jerome. "Now Castor, try the backward plunge again."

Eric closed his little arms round Freddy, and threw back his head.

"Jerry, I shall fight you when I'm dressed, you confounded sneak."

Every trace of the smile had left Donald's angry face, as he came into the room and took Eric by the arm.

"Loose that child, Jerome," he said, in his sternest voice. "Eric, how dare you speak as you spoke then to Jerry?"

"Oh, Don, I didn't mean to," he began—"it slipped out."

"A nice thing to slip out of a child's mouth," said Donald, between his teeth; "You shall be punished for this as you were never punished before."

"Oh no, Don, I've said I'm sorry. You ought to listen to me."

"Joe would forgive him," began Freddy, to the rescue.

"But *she* would punish me this time," said Eric, bravely; "she said she would lock me up if I said it again."

"And now you have said it," added Donald, "and shall be locked up indeed."

The child's face suddenly lost its brave, sorrowful look.

"I've heard you say it, Don. That's how I learnt it."

"You cowardly little fellow, I don't believe you ever heard me say it; and if you did, that is no reason for you. Are you the same as me?"

"No, I'm not," said Eric, fighting with his tears, "and I don't want to be; so I won't say the bad words you say; and I'm not cowardly, and never will be. I'm going now to tell Joe what I said. Unless—unless you forgive me, Don, and say I needn't."

"It would not be for your good if I forgave you."

"Yes, it should, Don. I would be better for it. *Won't* you believe me?"

The brave, childish eyes, pleading through the tears, made no impression on his brother then, but haunted that brother sorrowfully for many a year to come.

"I know best what is good for you," he said, unmoved. "But I do not expect you will tell Joe. I will do that part."

"No, you shan't," said the child, tightening his lips. "I'll tell Joe myself; but I won't tell her you say the same words—because it's cowardly to tell of one's brother. Don't mind, Freddy; it won't kill me to spend a day in an empty room."

There was no lingering in the little feet as they marched to the door. Outside, Jerry caught him for a moment.

"It won't be so bad as you think, little fellow. Cheer up."

The bell had rung for prayers. It would not do to tell until after breakfast, as Josie did not like any trouble to be spoken of before her father. So Eric sat in his place, and pretended to eat and enjoy himself; but it was a poor pretence; and when Don met the wistful eyes, he looked away, half rebuked.

Jerome finished his breakfast in a few minutes, and disappeared. When Mr. Kennard had entered his study, and Josie had seen Don off at the garden-door, Eric told his tale, half boldly, half sorrowfully; and very, very regretfully, Josie acted upon her threat.

"I am going into the city presently," she said, lingering with him in the bare room that had little in it besides a great empty cupboard; "so I shall bring you up something that you will eat when you are hungry; and when I come home, you will have made a brave resolution, I think, never to say those things again, and will have prayed for help to do it. Oh, Eric, my little one! it grieves me so to leave you here, and to know why I must do it."

When she came back a few minutes afterwards with a plate of bread and butter and a glass of milk, the child was leaning against the window, looking out on the lowering winter sky. She lingered as long as she felt she ought to, longing for him to speak. Then she said, in despair:

"What, Eric?"

She knew that he had not spoken; she knew, that this kind of proceeding was not wise; yet she said it again, seeing him stand so still and motionless.

"What, little one?"

"Joe," said the child, slowly, "does God really hear bad words little boys say, plainer than big boys?"

"No, dear, He hears us all alike." She had glided up close to him then, glad of the excuse, and taking his face between her hands, was surprised at its earnestness. "He hears us all just alike."

"I thought so."

"But he is so fond of little children," said Josie, softly, as she lingered beside him, "that He is always waiting to forgive them when they say they are sorry."

"Is He? Then I will tell Him I am sorry for us both."

Perhaps it was because she understood so well what he meant that she did not answer. Perhaps it was that very understanding which made this punishment so hard to enforce. She kissed him, with a long, gentle kiss, and then she shut and locked the door behind her, seeing still—with swimming eyes—the dauntless little face which was to be remembered so for many, many years,

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1870.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $6.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of six cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes and register the letter. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE. *Premium.* For 20 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 30 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

UNDER A BAN.

BY MISS DOUGLAS.

We commenced in THE POST of Feb. 5th, this new novelet written for THE POST by that charming and talented writer, Miss Amanda M. Douglas.

The beginning of this new novelet is a capital time to begin subscriptions to THE POST, although we can still supply back numbers when required to the first of the year.

THE SPHERIC PHILOSOPHY.

"THE MUSIC (*harmony*) OF THE SPHERE."
—*Pythagoras.*

Those of our readers who have done us the honor to read carefully and thoughtfully the leading editorials in THE POST during the last two months, will perceive by this time that we aim to develope and spread abroad the principles of a wider and deeper Philosophy than has yet obtained in this country.

The central idea of that Philosophy is this—the endeavor to attain to a clear and just perception of Truth, by viewing it under as many aspects, and from as many different points of view, as possible.

Let us illustrate. Suppose that there existed a tree of most wonderful proportions and magnitude, like the great tree Ygdrasil, in the old Norse fable—with branches spreading out to all quarters of the heavens—with a top that was lost to sight in the infinite realms of blue—how should we be able to come to any correct idea of the character and proportions and extent of this famous tree? Could we do it simply by taking our position in one place, and regarding it steadfastly from one point of view? If the branches that hung near where we stood, bore delicious apples, would we be justified in maintaining that it was only an apple tree, and bore no other fruit for the sustenance and healing of the nations? Is it not evident that the only way to arrive at any full and complete knowledge of the wonderful tree, would be either to travel around it ourselves, and contemplate it from various points of view—or else, if we were unable to do this, take the testimony of others who lived on the other sides of the tree, as to what it looked like from their side, and what fruits it bore there, and, by uniting all these testimonies, arrive at something like an approximation to an accurate and complete judgment?

Now Truth—religious truth, political truth, moral truth,—is like this great tree; only it is even greater, wider, more diverse and complex, being more or less of an infinite character.

Half the disputation in the world, especially about religion, is as if two men should dispute whether the tree we have imagined bore apples or peaches, when all the time it was bearing both.

Now all men are created more or less unlike—that is, all men occupy different points of view—and where the sight is good, as in the case of superior men, and especially men of genius, a new view of Truth, more or less different from all others, should be obtained; and the world, instead of suppressing the disclosure of what the new Seer sees, should welcome it gladly, as contributing to a more perfect knowledge.

Ah, how sad it is, that the new Seer, honestly and joyfully proclaiming what he sees from the new point where his Creator has placed him, is generally stricken to the earth as a false witness, and trodden under the feet of an angry and ignorant crowd.

It is not, however, always easy to see all around any truth—though the high Grecian mode of thinking and reasoning seems to have been always to attempt this. But we can generally manage to get a view of at least two sides—the opposite ones. And by availing ourselves of this, we are able to give our reasoning depth, and save ourselves from the utter shallowness which is apt to attend any single view, however true in itself.

Thus, in politics, as we have shown in an early editorial, nothing is truer, in one sense, than that "all men are created equal;" and nothing truer also, in another and equally important sense, than that "all men are created unequal." These are two sides of one great Truth. They are not matters of theory—they are simply statements of great facts. Men are equal, in the sense of possessing a common nature; and men are unequal, in the respects of their natural physical, mental, moral, and spiritual development. No one can deny these statements, for they are self-evident truths to any moderately developed mind.

Now, akin to this, is the doctrine of Diversity in Unity. Diversity of belief and action naturally rests upon and is logically evolved from the inequalities and differences which we find among men. Nature, which is the hand of God, having made men different and unequal, they have an evident, God-given right to be diverse and unequal. But as all men are created equal in the sense of being created men and the children of one common Father, they should hold this Diversity in the bond of Unity—no man encroaching upon the just and equal rights of another; and no man assuming that he has a right to be what he has not the power and the capacity to be.

And our political organization in this country, is admirably fitted for Diversity in Unity. For we have the separate States, which should be the natural protectors and barriers of Diversity; within the Federal Union, which should be the natural Protector of the States in their Diversity, while at the same time it holds them together in the bond of Unity, and is their strong outer barrier against foreign interference and oppression. Thus State Rights properly construed, and Federal Rights, or Unionism, so far from being conflicting, are harmonious when each is kept within its proper bounds, in accordance with the plan of the Fathers; who, we may add, were much deeper students in the principles of political philosophy than the men who claim to be our statesmen to-day.

As we also heretofore have shown, out of this natural Diversity, the result of varying natures, soils, and climates, will necessarily spring a many-sided view of Truth—and, as a consequence of these many-sided views, and of the vigor and development of thought which result from minds of a diverse character harmoniously blending and contending with each other, we may reasonably expect the grandest and most perfect civilization the world has ever known.

And so with the kindred doctrine of individual freedom. Freedom—loved word of the ages! Freedom, which means not any mere right of voting—for the voting of men who do not understand what liberty really is, may speedily wreck liberty, as the ignorant peasants of France did when they voted Louis Napoleon Emperor—but the right of every man to think and believe and act and live according to his own convictions of what is true and right and proper; respecting, of course, the just and equal rights of others.

Now all these doctrines are allied—they are all derived from and move around a common centre of thought. This thought is the idea that Truth, in order to be apprehended by finite beings rightly, must be viewed from many sides—that we must encircle the tree, look at both sides of the shield, and balance view against view, fact against fact. And so we come to regard Truth itself as many-sided. And yet, as in this view of many-sidedness there seems to be something imperfect and incomplete, we substitute the sphere—which has many sides, and yet no side, all sides gradually merging into one—as a more perfect and harmonious emblem of the idea we wish to convey,—and, for want of a better name, call this which we have attempted to enforce, the Spheric Philosophy.

This philosophy is not an Eclectic one; if it were it would not be Spheric, but a mosaic. It aims to reconcile and to supplement, adding thus half-view to half-view, one hemisphere of thought to its opposite but kindred hemisphere. Equality and Inequality, Diversity and Unity, State Rights and Unionism, Protection and Free Trade, Materialism and Spiritualism, Sensationalism and the doctrine of Innate Ideas, and the various other opposing poles and hemispheres of Thought, are sought to be reconciled, and allowed to supplement one another, in order that Truth may appear in all its perfect and harmonious proportions. And thus we design that Action, instead of being one-sided, narrow and bigoted, may be wise, moderate, comprehensive and conciliatory—consulting and giving due weight to every claim and every interest; its sacred maxim being, not "The greatest good of the greatest number," but "THE GREATEST GOOD OF ALL."

THE PENNSYLVANIA LEGISLATURE.—There is no use in our saying anything about the recent proceedings of the legislature of this state. All men, of all parties, in this city, have but one opinion of them. If the object be to bring Democratic institutions and universal suffrage into contempt, it is being very rapidly attained. Fifty years of this kind of thing, and the game would be played out. Fifty years—yes, perhaps twenty.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

That it is but a slight ridge of circumstances which often divides success and fame from failure and obscurity, has a remarkable illustration in the case of the late General Thomas. Judging by the enthusiastic eulogiums which we see on all sides, Thomas was not inferior either to Grant or Sherman as a general, while he was perhaps the superior of both in certain respects as a man. And yet General Thomas, it appears, came as near being superseded, just before his great victory over Hood, as could well be.

It was the early part of December, 1864. Grant was at Petersburg. Hood was advancing on Nashville. Affairs looked critical in Tennessee. Thomas was not ready to take the offensive. His apparent slowness seemed unreasonable at the East. Stanton telegraphed Grant—Grant replied:—

"If Thomas has not struck yet, he ought to hand over his command to Schofield. There is no better man to repel an attack than Thomas, but I fear he is too cautious to take the initiative."

Still nothing from Thomas. And, on the 9th, Grant again telegraphed to Halleck as follows:—

"No attack yet made by Thomas. Please telegraph orders relieving him at once, and placing Schofield in command. Thomas should be directed to turn over all orders and despatches received since the battle of Franklin to Schofield."

Still there was hesitation in Washington—probably some blocking of the wheels by Mr. Lincoln; but at length Logan was ordered to Tennessee, either to put Schofield in command or take command himself.

But on the night of December 14th, came a telegram from Thomas:—

"The ice having melted away to-day, the enemy will be attacked to-morrow morning. Much as I regret the apparent delay in attacking the enemy, it could not have been done before with any prospect of success." And then, the next day: "We attacked the enemy's left this morning, and drove it from the river below the city to the Franklin Pike; distance about eight miles."

And so Thomas was not superseded; but won a grand victory, saved the West, and became a great name. It was seen that if he was sometimes slow, he was always very sure—a fact which no one was readier to acknowledge than Gen. Grant himself. But in how many cases, in the history of the world, may not the recall have come just in time to prevent the gaining of a splendid victory, and the entering of a new name on a nation's roll of honor.

TROPICAL NATURES.

A lady writer in the *Galaxy*, who would seem to be a governess in a Cuban family, writes as follows of the tropical natures of the children:—

"The manifesting affection in wild, extravagant, even revolting ways seems to be wholly a '*chose du pays*.' In the convent, despite that controlling atmosphere of order and discipline, they have all the trouble in the world to repress annoying demonstrations on the part of pupils—passionate invocations, 'Light of my eyes!' 'Heart of my heart!' 'Blessing of my life!' the fervent kissing of floating veil ends; a stolen solitary hair worn as an amulet; the surreptitious quaffing of water in which beloved fingers have been dipped, etc., etc.

"If you ask me if the fire is as intense and constant as its flame is furious, Mme. Herrera says yes, but I—I take the liberty to doubt. Yet I love my little Lola dearly, though occasionally lightning flashes from out our serene sky, and there is rolling of thunder. The other day, for instance, I was reading in the front court after dinner, and Merced, near me, was making *bobeches*. There came a sound as of a volante leaving the house, and following it Lola's voice raised in a tempest of wild cries. I sprang up and ran to the parlor door opening on the street. On the piazza stood *la petite*, or rather jumped and stamped *la petite*, her face colorless with passion, her hands clutching angrily at her short hair, all the while crying, 'Wicked mamma! wicked mamma!'

"'Why, Lola!' I said, 'what ever is the matter?'

"'Mamma wouldn't take me! She's gone with grandpapa, and wouldn't take me! Wicked mamma!'

"I looked at her quietly a moment or two, then repeated, '*Wicked* mamma!' and taking her hand, would have led her into the house; but she broke away from me, rushed to a column, and clasping it, screamed, 'Porch, fall down on me! I want to die right off! Fall down on me, porch!' and there I was obliged to leave her until she had worn herself out.

"For this ebullition the small damsel was very properly punished by being sent to Coventry, but this anguish was so unbearable to her that we had to restore her to her nestling-place in our life lest she could dissolve like another Undine. Still, loving little heart that 'tis! she is not likely to forget such misery speedily."

How different these children of the tropics are from those of colder climes—and there is a similar difference in children of a larger growth. Now this difference necessitates different modes and forms of life. Grant, for instance, that the practice of educating boys and girls, and young men and young women together, in the same schools and colleges, works very well in the latitude of New England, it by no means follows that it will work equally well in the latitude of Baltimore, or at all well in the latitude of New Orleans. We merely wish to illustrate the important truth, that the forms and government which may suit one kind of people, in one region of the earth, may by no means be suitable for another.

☞ Returns from Connecticut show a majority of 832 for English, Democrat. The total vote polled was 87,428, a decrease of 3,125 from last year. The Senate stands 11 Republicans to 10 Democrats, and the House 125 Republicans to 112 Democrats.

THE CHINESE.

A bill is now pending before the Legislature of California, forbidding all corporations or individuals receiving aid from the state or from any of the counties for the construction of railroads or other public improvements, to employ any Chinese or Mongolian *laborers* upon such works.

The passage of such a bill as the above would, it seems to us, be a disgrace to California. They, who themselves are strangers in the land, to forbid thus the employment of other strangers, in order to drive them off!

The Chinese, as it seems to us, may be a great benefit, or a great pest, according to how we use and manage them. We can by proper management do them good, and ourselves good, and neither party receive any harm. Or we can, especially by encouraging their intermeddling and interference with our political affairs, give up that leadership which, in our opinion, has been placed in our hands by the providence of God, and injure ourselves, and also injure them.

But those who would be leaders, must understand the first duty of leadership, Protection—and therefore we hope to see the defeat of all such bills as the one alluded to, and the fullest and fairest protection extended to the Chinese in all that concerns their rights of person and property. Especially should all personal insults to the Chinese by "lewd fellows of the baser sort,"—now too common, to judge from the California newspapers—be firmly repressed by the better and wiser classes of the community.

DIVERSITY IN UNITY.—Everywhere life is full of diversity in unity. The air we breathe is a harmony composed of too much life, and more than three-fourths of positive death. Water, which quenches fire, is made of one of the most inflammable of gases, combined with another which best supports combustion. Everywhere in nature we behold the boldest and strangest diversities united to produce the most splendid and beneficial results.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ONWARD: A Lay of the West. By A. W. PATTERSON. Published by A. Roman & Co., New York, 27 Howard Street; San Francisco, 417 and 419 Montgomery Street.

EXCELSIOR COOK BOOK AND HOUSEKEEPER'S AID: Containing Receipts for cooking all kinds of meats, fowl, fish; and making soups, bread, pastry, custards, &c. canning fruit, and also cookery for the sick, miscellaneous receipts, &c. By MRS. LAURA THOWBRIDGE. Published by Oakley, Mason & Co., New York; and also for sale by E. H. Butler & Co., Philada.

GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL. By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Roland Yorke," "The Channings," etc. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila. Price $1 50.

NATURE. A Weekly Illustrated Journal of Science. This instructive weekly is published by Macmillan & Co., 63 Bleecker St., New York.

GOOD HEALTH. The April number of this excellent periodical has been issued by the publisher, Alex. Moore, Boston. Also for sale by the American News Company.

THE LOST DAUGHTER; and other stories of the heart. By Mrs. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ, author of "Rena; or, the Snow Bird," "The Banished Son." Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada. This is the eleventh volume issued of the series of Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz's works, bound in green and gold. The other volumes are published in uniform style.

TROUT CULTURE. By SETH GREEN. Published by Seth Green and A. S. Collins, Caledonia, N. Y. For sale by D. M. Dewey, Rochester, N. Y.

PETERS'S MUSICAL MONTHLY. For April. Published by J. L. Peters, 599 Broadway, N. Y.

HOVEY & CO.'S ILLUSTRATED GUIDE TO THE FLOWER AND VEGETABLE GARDEN. 1870. Containing also a catalogue of seeds, some of them of the most choice kinds, and a list of Gladiolus and Summer Flowering Bulbs. Published by Hovey & Co., 53 North Market Street, Boston, Mass.

THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW AND AMERICAN BUILDER'S JOURNAL. By SAMUEL SLOAN, Architect. April, 1870. Published by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

Decease of Dr. John Radway.

This eminent physician, known throughout the entire country, died at his residence in West Eleventh street, New York city, on Monday the 14th instant, of consumption, superinduced by the severity of the Canadian climate. Dr. Radway was an Englishman by birth, born in 1824, and came to this country in his sixth year. He received his education at Mount Pleasant Academy, Sing Sing, and at twenty-one years of age entered into business as a chemist in John street, having for a partner his brother. Increasing business caused him to remove to larger quarters in Fulton street, and finally to Maiden Lane. Dr. Radway was possessed of great zeal and energy, was kind and affectionate, and had "a hand open as day to melting charity." His loss is deeply deplored by all whose good fortune it was to know him. His funeral took place on Wednesday, the 16th, and his remains were followed to the grave by Sylvan Grove Lodge, No. 235, F. A. M., Phœnix Royal Arch Chapter, No. 2, and Palestine Commandery, K. T., of which bodies he was an honored member. Dr. Radway was widely known as the proprietor of the medicines which bear his name. The business will in the future be carried on by his surving brother, Mr. R. G. Radway, who was associated with him for twenty-five years.—*Boston Daily Evening Traveller, March 25.*

☞ At the Rhode Island election the vote was light, and the present Republican State officers were re-elected by about 4,000. The Anthony Republicans were victorious over the Sprague division.

☞ In the University boat race in England between Oxford and Cambridge, Cambridge won by one length in 19 minutes and 30 seconds, this being the first time the Oxfords have been defeated since 1860. The distance rowed was 4¼ miles.

☞ Rumors are revived of a contemplated visit by Ex-President Johnson to Europe.

The Pennsylvania Legislature.

The Harrisburg correspondents of the *Public Ledger* (Independent,) and *Inquirer* (Republican,) give the following account of the Legislature that has just adjourned:—

HARRISBURG, April 7.—The Legislature which has just adjourned, has been in session sixty-five working days. In that time 2,168 bills were introduced into the House, and 2,118 into the Senate. The whole number actually passed by both Houses and sent to the Governor was 1,498.

The session was distinguished by a recklessness on the part of the majority of the members which has found no parallel since 1852, when "omnibus legislation" was in vogue. The system of passing bills merely by reading their titles, was only *tolerated* in 1866-'7 and '8, but adopted as a practice in 1870, and has proved itself to be the most infamous fraud ever practiced upon a community, and the chief instrument of bad legislation and deception.

The following is given as the entire process by which hundreds of bills were transformed into laws, in the respective houses:—

Clerk—(reading the title)—"A supplement to the act incorporating the city of Philadelphia."

Speaker—"There being no objections to this bill, it will be laid aside for a second reading."

Clerk—"A supplement to the act incorporating the city of Philadelphia."

Speaker—"Will the House agree to the bill?" (Voices anywhere)—"Aye, aye."

Speaker—"Will the House transcribe the bill, suspend the rule, and read the bill a third time by its title?"

(Voice)—"Aye, aye."

Speaker—"The bill passes."

It must not be supposed that the Speaker and Clerk were responsible for this hasty and reckless style of business. They were the mere agents of the majority of the members, and fulfilled their duties under the most aggravating circumstances. The system had but one result—that members not only cheated the public, but each other. No man could know what his neighbor was doing. The agents of the newspaper press being unable to hear the bills read, could judge of their contents only by the manual examination of each of them (numbering 4,186.) The interests of a great city of three-quarters of a million of people were at the mercy of any member who, to use the language of the Speaker of the House, "Was sharper in legislative matters than his neighbors." The already complicated machinery of legislation was thrown into chaos by bills being reported from committees without ever having been considred by such committees—by a score of bills being sent into the Legislature with the same title, viz.: "a supplement to the act incorporating the city of Philadelphia"—by the rapid substitution of new manuscript bills for others regularly on file, by hasty alterations or amendments of the most important character, (the amendments not being read,) and by numberless devices that should never be tolerated in a dignified legislative body. The messages of the Governor gave almost daily reproof to this carelessness or corruption. He notified the House and Senate, on April 1st, that they had passed two bills twice over, and sent the copies to him to sign—that in two instances they had attempted without justice, to invalidate last wills and testaments—that they had (at least a dozen times) sent him bills which were plain violations of the Constitution, and that they had in their enactments outraged both English grammar and the rights of the people.

The *Inquirer* adds to the above statement the following letter, written by a member of the Legislature, to a prominent citizen of Philadelphia:—

"MARCH 30.

"Your bill was brought out of Committee to-day, with a negative recommendation, which kills it. The Committee held it until they found they could get nothing out of it, and then killed it for spite. I am sorry for it, but with the present Legislature there is no hope."

The *Ledger* says that more than a hundred bills were passed one night last week, upon which not more than *one* Senator voted on each bill, not one of them being read, and very frequently the Speaker was obliged to call attention to the fact that "*no* Senator is voting on these bills."

The Councils of this city, on the 7th by *an unanimous vote* of both branches, passed a resolution requesting the Governor to withhold his approval of all bills in which the city of Philadelphia is interested, until the city authorities can ascertain their object and import.

The following remedies are proposed: First. That no bill shall be passed without recording the ayes and noes (as required by the Constitution of New York.) Second, That no bill shall be approved by the Governor until published for a certain length of time in the county to which it is intended to apply. Third, That each county in the state (not each district) and each ward in Philadelphia and Pittsburg elect one member of the House. Fourth, That it shall be a penal offence for any legislator to have an interest (direct or indirect) in any bill. Fifth, That the Legislature shall meet once in every three years, unless otherwise convened by the Governor. These things could not be accomplished except by amendments to the Constitution.

We may add, however, as our opinion, that no changes, Constitutional or otherwise, will be found to amount to much—unless the right kind of men can be sent to Harrisburg. And the right kind of men are those who have shown by the prudent and honest management of their own affairs, that they may safely be intrusted with the affairs of the state. There is a class of men in all communities, of mature years, who are independent in their circumstances, and have retired from business, who are just the men to put in the City Councils, and send to the Legislature.

☞ A journalist of this city, to exemplify woman's rights, stayed home recently to mind the baby, having sent his wife to hear Anna Dickinson's lecture.

☞ Gen. Lee's health is said to be improving since his arrival at Savannah.

☞ Our exchanges bristle all over with indignant articles against the attempt to continue the income tax.

☞ Mr. Inman, one of the proprietors of the City of Boston, thinks the City of Boston collided with one of the icebergs so numerous to the northeast, off Cape Race, and went down when only two or three days out from Halifax.

☞ Some people seem so utterly stupid that one feels relieved even to hear them say that they have "half a mind."

☞ It is said that farmers in Minnesota can now make more money in raising beets at $3 per ton for sugar-making, than they can in raising wheat or any other kind of grain.

☞ The man who never failed is a myth. Such a one never lived, and is never likely to. All success is a series of efforts, in which, when closely viewed, are seen more or less failures. The mountain is apt to overshadow the hill, but the hill is a reality, nevertheless. If you fail now and then, therefore, don't be discouraged.

☞ A half interest in the Paris Figaro is for sale at $400,000, and the proprietor promises the buyer twenty-five per cent. interest on the investment.

☞ A Nevada city merchant advertises: "Old rags of a greenish hue, embellished with Chase's photographs, cheerfully accepted in payment for stock."

☞ A Boston paper says that there are very few railroads in New England whose receipts are not now from 100 to 500 per cent. in excess of the original estimates.

☞ Even England is trying to reduce its income tax, whilst meetings are also held there for its abolition. Is not America to also get rid of this odious war measure?

☞ THE ART CYNIC.—You may find him about the picture galleries in the season. He stands before a picture, where the whole soul—a poor thing, perhaps, but all he has—of the artist has been poured out. Women, looking at the fixed thought on the canvas, are moved to tears. He, however, is unmoved. After mature consideration, he turns to his friend, and whispers audibly:—"Ah! yes—pretty well—the old trick, you see!" So the simple country folk dry their eyes, ashamed to be seen crying over a picture which is done by the "old trick," and go on to the next, all their pleasure spoiled.

☞ A lady who is canvassing for a book in Vincennes, Indiana, took umbrage at an article in one of the papers there, and interviewed the editor with a revolver. He said he didn't mean it.

THE ADVERTISERS GAZETTE, issued by G. P. Rowell & Co., No. 40 Park Row, New York, contains much information not to be obtained elsewhere. Every advertiser should read it. Sample copies by mail for 15 cts.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—11,000 bbls sold in lots at prices ranging from $4,25@4,75 for superfine; $4,75@5,87½ for extra; $5,25@6 for Penna extra family; $6,00@6,75 for Northwest extra family; $5,50@6,25 for Ohio and Indiana family; and $6,75@7,50 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour; 400 bbls sold at $4,62½.

GRAIN—Sales of 40,000 bus Penna, Western and Southern red at $1,25@1,35, and 9000 bus white at $1,40@1,53 ₩ bus, the latter for Kentucky. Rye; 2000 bus sold at $1@1,05. Corn; 60,000 bus prime yellow sold at $1,05@1,10. Oats; sales of 55,000 bus Penna and Western at 60@65c ₩ bus. Barley; 3000 bus Canada sold at $1 ₩ bus.

PROVISIONS—Market dull. Sales of 500 bbls new mess Pork at $20,75@21. Mess Beef is quoted at $21@22 ₩ bbl for city packed extra family. Beef Hams is quoted at $31@32 ₩ bbl. Bacon—Sales of plain and fancy canvassed hams at 17@19c; sides at 15@16½c, and shoulders at 11½@12c. Green Meats—Sales of 900 tcs pickled hams at 15@16c, and shoulders in salt at 10½@11c. Lard—Sales of 600 bbls and tcs at 15½@16c for steam and kettle rendered; kegs at 17c. Butter—Sales of good roll at 25@28c. Cheese—Sales at 13@16c. Eggs sell at 23@25c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—800 bales middlings sold at 22@23½c for uplands and 24@24½c ₩ ₺ for New Orleans.

BARK—100 bbls No 1 Quercitron sold at $27 ₩ ton.

FRUIT—Green Apples sell at $4@5,50 for Western and New York. Dried Peaches and Apples—Sales of Apples at 8@8½c, and Peaches at 9@9½c for quarters, 10½@11c for halves, and 17@25c for pared. Blackberries sell at 12c. Cranberries sell at $3,00@4 ₩ bbl.

FEATHERS—Prime Western at 73@80c ₩ ₺.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay, ₩ 100 lbs, $1,40@1,50; Mixed do $1,20@1,25; Straw $1,25@1,50.

HOPS are firmly held; sales of New York at 17@25c, and Wisconsin at 15@22c ₩ ₺.

IRON—In Pig Iron there is less doing; 1600 tons foundry sold at $33 for No. 1; Bar Iron quoted at $78 ₩ ton. Scotch Pig and Blooms are neglected.

SEEDS—Clover-seed—Sales of 3700 bus at $9@9,25. 500 bus of Timothy sold at $3,50@4,25. Flaxseed at $2,25 ₩ bus.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1000 head. The prices realized were 10@10½ cts ₩ ₺. 150 Cows brought from $40 to 80 ₩ head. Sheep—7500 head were disposed of at from 7½@9½c ₩ ₺. 3000 Hogs sold at from $13,50 to 14,00 ₩ 100 lbs.

Any person desiring work as agent, by addressing at once E. THOMPSON, Hoboken, N. J., will learn of something that will net them from $18 to $30 a week. mar26-3m

A cough, cold, or sore throat requires immediate attention, as neglect oftentimes results in some incurable lung disease. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" are a simple remedy, and will almost invariably give immediate relief.

Owing to the good reputation and popularity of the Troches, many worthless and cheap imitations are offered, which are good for nothing. Be sure to obtain the *true* "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*" Sold everywhere.

The Rice Divorce Suit for fraud in age, is causing great excitement in Boston. It should warn young men not to marry in haste. Rice is but 22, his bride 37. He swears that she made him believe she was but his own age, by using Magnolia Balm upon her face, neck and hands. Poor youth. He probably found her elbows weren't quite so soft and pretty. Ought Hagan to be indicted? We know of many similar cases. This Balm gives a most wonderful pearly and natural complexion, to which we don't object. We like pretty women. To finish the picture, they should use Lyon's Kathairon upon the hair. With pearly chin, rosy cheeks, and soft, luxuriant tresses, they become irresistible. sp9 1m

For Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan use "PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION." The only reliable and harmless remedy known to science for removing brown discolorations from the face. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., New York. Sold by druggists everywhere. sp2-3m

☞ **Crompton's Imperial** $1
LAUNDRY SOAP
is the best.
Manufactory 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 Rutger's Place, and
12 and 35 Jefferson Street.
Office, 34 Front Street,
New York. $1
sp2-6m

Psychomancy, Fascination, or Soul-charming. 400 pages; cloth. This wonderful book has full instructions to enable the reader to fascinate either sex, or any animal at will. Mesmerism, Spiritualism, and hundreds of other curious experiments. It can be obtained by sending address, with 16 cents postage, to T. W. EVANS & CO., 41 S. Eighth st., Philadelphia. oct2-1y

Tetter, Itch, Itch, Scratch, Scratch.

"*Swayne's All-Healing Ointment*" after an experience of many years has proved to be a sovereign remedy for all skin diseases, Tetter, Salt, Rheum, Scald Head, Erysipelas, Blotches, Barbers' Itch, obstinate or scaly Eruptions, Ringworm, Itching Piles, &c. No case so obstinate or long standing it will not cure. Ask for "SWAYNE'S Ointment." Use no other.

Sold by dealers Everywhere. Price 50 cents a box. Sent by mail, to any address for 60 cents, postage paid. Letters asking advice, will be promptly and gratuitously answered. Address DR. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North 8th st., Philadelphia. sp2-cow1f

BEAUTY! BEAUTY!!

Strong, Pure, and Rich Blood, Increase of Flesh and Weight, Clean Skin, and Beautiful Complexion Secured to all through Dr.

Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent.

Every drop of the Sarsaparillian Resolvent communicates through the Blood, Sweat, and other fluids and juices of the system the vigor of life, for it repairs the wastes of the body with new and sound material. Scrofula, Consumption, Glandular Disease, Ulcers in the Throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands, and other parts of the system, Sore Eyes, Strumorous discharges from the Ears, and the worst forms of Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Acne, Black Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Tumors, Cancers in the Womb, and all Weakening and Painful Discharges, Night Sweats, and all wastes of the Life Principle, are within the curative range of this wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them. If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the wastes and decomposition that is continually progressing, succeeds in arresting those wastes, and repairs the same with new material made from healthy blood, and this the Sarsaparillian will and does secure, a cure is certain; for, when once this remedy commences its work of purification, and succeeds in diminishing the loss of wastes, its repairs will be rapid, and every day the patient will feel himself growing better and stronger, the food digesting better, appetite improving, and flesh and weight increasing.

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all known remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional, and Skin diseases, but it is the only positive cure for Kidney, Bladder, Urinary, and Womb diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's disease Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substance like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid dark, bilious appearance, and white bone dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back along the loins. In all these conditions Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent aided by the application of Radway's Ready Relief to the spine and small of the back, and the bowels regulated with one or two of Radway's Regulating Pills per day, will soon make a complete cure. In a few days, the patient will be enabled to hold and discharge his water naturally without pain, and the Urine will be restored to its natural clear, and amber or cherry color.

Price one dollar per bottle. Sold by druggists everywhere. feb 19-tf

"Children's Lives Saved for 50 Cents."

Thousands of children die annually of croup. Now, mothers, if you would spend 50 cents, and always have a bottle of *Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment* in the house, you never need fear losing your little one when attacked with this complaint. It is now 22 years since I have put up my Liniment, and never heard of a child dying of croup when my Liniment was used; but hundreds of cures have been reported to me and many state if it was $10 per bottle they would not be without it. Besides which, it is a certain cure for cuts, burns, headache, toothache, sore throat, swellings, mumps, colic, diarrhœa, dysentery, spasms, old sores and pains in the limbs, back, and chest. No one once tries it who is ever without it. It is warranted perfectly safe to take internally. Full directions with every bottle.

Sold by the druggists and storekeepers in the United States. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York. ap2 5t

Occupational Ailments.

Fresh, pure air is a vitalizing elixir. Whoever is debarred by circumstances from unrestricted access to this invisible, but powerful stimulant, needs a medicinal invigorant of some kind. The great object should be to choose the best. Popularity is a pretty good guarantee of merit in this scrutinizing and intelligent age, and tried by this criterion HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS stands first among the invigorating and regulating medicines of the present day. To the wants of persons engaged in indoor employments, especially in crowded factories where even with the best possible ventilation the atmosphere is always in some degree polluted, this salubrious vegetable tonic is peculiarly adapted. The nature of the ingredients is no mystery. It consists of an absolutely pure diffusive stimulant, tinctured—or rather surcharged—with the fluid extracts of sanatous roots and barks and herbs. The pharmacopœia has its tinctures, but what are they? The juice of only a single root or bark or plant is present in each. Not one of them combines the three properties of a tonic, an alterative, and an aperient. All these elements are blended in the Bitters; nor are these the sum of its medicinal recommendations. It is also a blood depurent and an antispasmodic.

The baleful effect which air that has been partially exhausted of its oxygen by frequent breathing produces on the vital organization, is notorious, and when to this devitalized atmosphere is superadded the mephitic vapor of hot air furnaces, it becomes deleterious and depressing in the extreme. To enable the system to bear up, even for a few hours each day against the debilitating influence of a vitiated atmosphere, a wholesome tonic and alterative is urgently required. This grand delideratum is supplied in Hostetter's Bitters, which as a strength-sustaining, health-protecting agent has no rival either among official or advertised medicines. ap2-5t

Important Notice.—*All Soldiers and Sailors* who have lost an *arm* or *leg* in the service—or since on account of wounds or injuries—will find it to their advantage to call at or address General Collection Agency, No. 128 South Seventh st., Philadelphia. ROBERT S. LEAGUE & Co., sep4-1y

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 31st of March, by the Rev. Wm. Cooper, D. D., MAURICE J. HUBBELL to MARY SWOPE, daughter of Chas. S. Swope, both of this city.

On the 17th of Jan., by the Rev. T. C. Murphy, Mr. J. W. THOMAS, of Kingston, to Miss MARY F. HASON, of Frankford.

On the 6th of July, by the Rev. G. H. Bringhurst, CHARLES M. HILL to MARY A. DICKINSON, both of this city.

On the 30th of March, by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. WILLIAM H. H. LONG to Miss ELIZA F. JAGO, both of this city.

On the 31st of March, by the Rev. Mr. Henson, Mr. HENRY P. DEVITT to Mrs. HANNAH SNYDER, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 5th instant, RICHARD DOUGHERTY, in his 80th year.

On the 8th instant, MARY ANN, wife of Allen R. Pharo.

On the 4th instant, ELIZABETH L. MAUL, relict of the late Thos. Willis, in her 80th year.

On the 4th instant, ELIZABETH FRANCIS, in her 73th year.

On the 3d instant, WILLIAM SIMPSON, in his 70th year.

On the 2d instant, JOSHUA H. WALLNER, in his 33th year.

On the 3d instant, Mrs. SARAH GITHENS, in her 78th year.

On the 2d instant, MARIA SCOTT, wife of Henry Peters, aged 28 years.

On the 2d instant, NORMAN GOFF, in his 80th year.

On the 1st instant, ROBERT M. HARPER, in his 67th year.

FITS! FITS! FITS
FITS! FITS! FITS!
Cure of Epilepsy or Falling Fits
By HANCE'S EPILEPTIC PILLS.

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find *Hance's Epileptic Pills* to be the only remedy ever discovered for curing Epilepsy or Falling Fits.

The following certificates should be read by all the afflicted; they are in every respect true, and should they be read by any one who is not afflicted himself, if he has a friend who is a sufferer, he will do a humane act by cutting this out and sending it to him.

A MOST REMARKABLE CURE.

PHILADELPHIA, October 10, 1867.
To SETH S. HANCE, Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sir—Seeing your advertisement, I was induced to try your Epileptic Pills. I was attacked with Epilepsy in July, 1866. Immediately my family physician was summoned, but he could give me no relief from the medicines he prescribed. I then consulted another physician, but I seemed to grow worse. I then tried the treatment of another, but without any good effect. I again returned to my family physician, was cupped and bled at several different times. I was generally attacked without any premonitory symptoms. I had from two to five fits a day, at intervals of two weeks. I was often attacked in my sleep, and would fall wherever I would be or whatever be occupied with, and I was severely injured several times from the falls. I was affected so much that I lost all confidence in myself. I also was affected in my business, and I consider that your Epileptic Pills cured me. In February, 1866, I commenced to use your Pills. I only had two attacks afterward. The last one was on the 5th of April, 1865, and they were of a less serious character. With the blessing of Providence, your medicine was made the instrument by which I was cured of that distressing affliction. I think that the Pills and their good effects should be made known everywhere, that persons who are similarly affected may have the benefit of them. Any person wishing further information can obtain it by calling at my residence, No. 826 North Third street, Philadelphia, Pa.
WILLIAM ELDER.

CURE OF A CHILD.

SARDIS, PANOLA Co., MISS., Oct. 20, 1868.
SETH S. HANCE, Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sir—As a matter of justice and gratitude to you, I desire, unasked, to state the following facts. My eldest son, Fred, was taken with spasms, or Epileptic Fits, in the summer of 1865, and continued to be afflicted with them to a most distressing extent, until both myself and the physicians attending him feared he would never be relieved. I was advised by Major Guy, of Grenada, of your Pills, and ordered two boxes. This I think was last winter. Since receiving them, Fred has had but one slight spasm, where he used to have them twice or more, sometimes five times monthly. When the supply gave out I ordered more, and he has used them all, and is now by permission of my family physician at school, which he was forbidden to attend before, and I sincerely hope entirely cured. I will add that before sending for them, I heard upon inquiry of several instances in which they had been successfully used. You are at liberty to use this as you think proper, for the virtue of the Pills should be universally known. Very resp'y, J. F. SIMMONS.

ANOTHER REMARKABLE CURE OF
EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS
By Hance's Epileptic Pills.

MONTGOMERY, TEXAS, June 20, 1867.

To SETH S. HANCE—A person in my employ had been afflicted with Fits or Epilepsy for thirteen years; he had these attacks at intervals from two to four weeks, and oftentimes several in quick succession, sometimes continuing for two or three days. On several occasions they continued until his mind appeared totally deranged, in which condition he would continue for a day or two after the fits had ceased. I tried several remedies prescribed by our resident physicians, but without any success. Having seen your advertisement in the Philadelphia *Courier*, I concluded I would try your remedy. I obtained two boxes of your Pills, and gave them according to directions, and they effected a permanent cure. The person is now a stout, healthy man, and is about thirty years of age, and has not had a fit since he commenced taking your medicine, which was ten years since. He was my principal wagoner, and has, since that time, been exposed to the severest of weather. I have great confidence in your remedy, and would like every one who has fits to give it a trial.
B. L. DE FREITE.

CAN EPILEPSY BE CURED?

We think the following from a respectable citizen of Mississippi will answer the question, and remove all doubts from every unbiassed mind:

GRENADA, MISS., June 5, 1865.
SETH S. HANCE, Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sir—I take great pleasure in relating a case of spasms or fits, cured by your invaluable Pills. My brother, J. J. Logon, has long been afflicted with this awful disease. He was first attacked while quite young. He would have one or two spasms at one attack at first; but as he grew older, they seemed to increase likewise. Up to that time he commenced taking your Pills, he had them very often and quite severe, prostrating him body and mind. His mind had suffered seriously; but now, I am happy to say, he is cured of those fits. He has enjoyed fine health for the last five months past. His mind has also returned to its original rightfulness. All this I take great pleasure in communicating, as it may be the means of directing others to the remedy that will cure them. Yours respectfully, &c., W. P. LIGON.

IS THERE A CURE FOR EPILEPSY?

The Subjoined Will Answer.

GRENADA, MISS., June 30.

SETH S. HANCE—Dear Sir—You will find enclosed five dollars, which I send you for two boxes of your Epileptic Pills.

I was the first person who tried your Pills in this part of the country. My son was badly afflicted with fits for two years. I wrote and received two boxes of your Pills, which he took agreeably to your directions. *He has never had a fit since.*

It was through my persuasion that Mr. Lyon tried your Pills. His case was a very bad one; he had fits nearly all his life, or at least a good many years. Persons have written to me from Alabama and Tennessee on the subject, for the purpose of ascertaining my opinion in regard to your Pills. I have always recommended them, and in no instance where I have had a chance of hearing from their effect have they failed to cure. Yours, &c., C. H. GUY.
Grenada, Yalabusha county, Miss.

A VOICE FROM VIRGINIA.

CABIN POINT, Surry County, Va.

DR. SETH S. HANCE:—I was in Baltimore in April, 1864, and from a paper I received of yours was induced to buy a box of your Pills, recommended as a sovereign cure for the Epileptic Fits. At that time one of my servants had been afflicted with fits about twelve years. When reaching home, I commenced with the Pills according to directions. I do not think she has had one since. My wife, though, is somewhat induced to believe she may have had one only. Enclosed you will find five dollars, for which you will please forward them by mail. Your compliance will oblige me. Yours, respectfully,
M. P. SLEDGE.

THE TRIUMPH COMPLETE.

DURANT'S NECK, Perquimans Co., N. C., Oct. 1st.

S. S. HANCE—Dear Sir:—Having been afflicted with falling fits for some years past, I determined to give your Pills a trial, (advertisement of which I saw in some of the papers,) and continued to use them for some months, until I was entirely cured. I believe them to be a first-rate article; and since I have used them I have not had one attack, and am now in the enjoyment of good health. I am, very respectfully, yours, &c., JONATHAN J. JACOBS.

P. S.—The Pills were recommended to me by Mr. Nathan Newby, of this county, to whose address you sent them.

Sent to any part of the country, by mail, free of postage, on receipt of a remittance. Address SETH S. HANCE, 108 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md. Price, one box, $3; two, $5; twelve, $27. feb19-13t

PROSPECTUS.

We announce the following Novelets as already engaged for publication:—

Under a Ban.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, Author of "Cut Adrift," "The Debarry Fortune," &c., &c.

Leonie's Mystery.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT, Author of "Dora Castell," &c.

Bessy Rane.

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "George Canterbury's Will," &c.

A Novelet

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER, Author of "The Mystery of the Reefs," &c.

Who Told!

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," "A Family Failing," &c.

Besides our Novelets by Miss Douglas, Mrs. Wood, Frank Lee Benedict, Mrs. Hosmer, Miss Prescott, &c., we also give in Stories, Sketches, &c.,

The Gems of the English Magazines.

And also NEWS, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, POETRY, WIT and HUMOR, RIDDLES, RECEIPTS, &c.

A large Premium Engraving is given to every full ($2.50) subscriber.

Grover & Baker's $55 SEWING MACHINES given as a Premium for 80 subscribers and $75.00, or 30 subscribers and $60.00.

When it is considered that the terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received.

See TERMS under editorial head. Sample numbers (postage paid) are sent for 5 cents.

OUR WELL-DRESSED COUNTRYWOMEN.

BY PROF. SCHELE DE VERE.

American women, throughout the length and breadth of the land, are infinitely better dressed than their sisters in Europe. Go to the smallest inland town—go to country-seats remote from railway and stage-line—go even to the border states, where civilization in its highest type comes still in immediate contact with savage life, and everywhere you will find persons well-dressed and looking unmistakable ladies. The slender figure, no doubt, sets off the simple dress, the small hand instinctively seeks Jugla's gloves, and the pretty foot demands a small, well-fitting boot; but there is always more or less taste to be seen in the choice of the colors and the fit of the dress. The bold mixture of colors so fatal to the attractions of English girls, the pinched look produced by the habitual, rigorous economy of German ladies, and the careless slovenliness so often seen in Italian women, are rarely found in America. The facilities and cheap rates of travelling enable almost every girl in the land to visit the large cities occasionally, and her observant eye and quick wit enable her soon to find out what is the prevailing style, and to acquire a general idea of what is suitable and what is becoming. The thorough-bred provincial air, which is such a constant source of amusement to the traveller in the Old World, hardly exists in the States; and the inmate of a log-cabin in the territories often looks as well-dressed and as aristocratic in bearing as many a high and noble lady abroad.

Hence, also, the almost marvelous facility with which the American lady adapts herself to foreign habits and foreign styles of dress. Many a fair daughter of this favored land was born in a humble cottage, sent to a public school, and compelled to earn her livelihood by the work of her hand or the teaching of children. She may have married, when she was quite young and unused to the ways of the world, an industrious mechanic, a modest schoolmaster, or a youthful barrister. She has risen with her husband from step to step, rarely seeing the world, till one fine day she awakes to find herself the wife of a Foreign Minister. She crosses the ocean, she appears at Court, she mingles with the highest in the land, and as there is not a trace of awkwardness in her manner, so her dress is in perfect keeping with her new station in life, and she wears her unwonted splendor with the same simple ease and perfect grace which in Europe are deemed the precious prerogative of the high-born. Nor must the *revers de la medaille* be forgotten. The sudden rise is not more frequent than the sudden fall; the ambassador is recalled by a new President, the millionaire sees his wealth take wings in a day of panic in Wall-street, the owner of thousands of slaves is left penniless by a President's proclamation, and the wife has to lay aside her splendor, and to exchange her velvets and her diamonds for simple calicoes and modest ribbons.

But, with the same innate dignity and outward grace, she remains the lady still in her homely dress, and gives to the cheapest materials and plainest forms a charm which neither poverty nor seclusion from the great world can ever efface. This rare gift of the American lady was most signally exhibited during the late civil war, when the Southern states were for five years almost hermetically closed to the outer world, and the ladies of the South were compelled from destitution as well as from sheer ignorance of foreign fashions, to dress as well as they could. And yet English travellers and Continental officers, who saw them during that time, bear uniform witness to the unmistakable *cachet* of good-breeding which they knew to impress upon toilettes, which under all other circumstances would have appeared most odd and extraordinary.—*Putnam's Magazine.*

[NOTE.—No doubt the large circulation of well-edited and sensible Fashion Magazines, such as the *Lady's Friend*, has a great deal to do with the tasteful dressing of the inland towns and country districts.]

TO A LITTLE CHILD.

BY F. T. PALGRAVE.

Golden head that bears the sun
Wheresoe'er the feet may run:
Little feet that know not yet
Where the next step will be set:
Sapphire gleam of eyes that go
Straight to the pure soul below,
Fixed in the ingenuous stress
Of confiding helplessness:—
Ah! what wild rose sweet as this is,
Flower of love and many kisses?

Yet if this were all in all,—
Warm soft limbs and features small,
Dimpled darling of the knee,
Song would scarce be due to thee!
But already in the eye
Glances of the soul we spy;
In the broken language hear
Notes of early reason clear;
On thy stainless forehead trace
Lines of the immortal race.

True, too true! these flower-like charms
All must vanish from our arms;
True, too true!—and thou must share
Buffets of life's ruder air:—
But the eternal child within,
As this fair veil waxes thin,
As the faint feet downward go,
Brighter lineaments will show,—
Crystal clear at last to shine,—
Fitting home for the divine.

A Guess for Life.

A volume could be filled with the strange delusions entertained by madmen—the remarkable pertinacity and cunning they display in carrying out the whims of their disordered minds. In their wild freaks maniacs frequently evince a method in their planning, an adroitness and coolness that would do credit to the shrewdest sane person. We give below a thrilling incident which actually occurred as related, one of the parties to it having been a prominent army officer:—

When my regiment was mustered out of service, I bade adieu to my old comrades, and to the army, and opened an office in the flourishing town of L——.

As I was starting for the supper-table, on the evening of the third day after my arrival, the office-bell rang violently, and soon the boy came in and said that a man wanted to see the doctor.

The visitor was standing by the fire when I entered. He was a tall, powerful man—a perfect giant compared to my "five feet six;" and his great and bushy black hair and whiskers were well fitted to the monstrous form.

"If you are at liberty, doctor, please come with me. It is but a few steps, and you will not need a carriage."

I put on my coat and hat and followed him. It was my first call in L——, and I fondly hoped it was the forerunner of many others.

The man strode on ahead of me all the time, notwithstanding my endeavors to keep at his side, and spoke not a word, not even answering my questions.

Stopping before a substantial-looking residence on one of the principal streets, he applied the latch-key, and led me into a pleasant little room on the second floor (a study I thought it), hung about with good paintings and elegant chromos, and lined with books of every name.

"Take a seat, doctor; I will step out a moment. Take this chair by the fire; it's a bitter cold night."

The chair was a great unwieldy thing, but exceedingly comfortable. I threw my feet upon the fender, and leaned back on the cushion, very well satisfied to warm a little before seeing the patient.

I heard the man approach the door, which was directly back of where I sat, and heard the door open and close again. I supposed he had gone out, but did not look around to see. Indeed, I had no time, for a stout cord was thrown over my wrists and across my breast, and a handkerchief bound over my mouth so quickly that I could not prevent it.

When I was perfectly secure, my conductor stepped in front of me and looked with much interest at my vain attempts to free myself.

"Good stout cord, isn't it?" he asked. "It has never been broken, and many a stouter man than you has tried it. There, now, be quiet a while, and I will tell you what I want."

He went to a cabinet that stood in the corner of the room, and taking a long, wicked-looking knife from one of the drawers, ran his thumb over the edge, and felt of the point, all the while talking in the most commonplace manner imaginable.

"I have studied the art of guessing, for years," said he. "I can guess anything; that is my guessing chair that you are sitting in now; and I take great pleasure in imparting my knowledge to others. This is what I want of you to-night. I did intend to make you guess that, but I have thought of something better."

He had become satisfied with the edge and point of his knife, and was pacing up and down the room, giving me a full history of the world, interspersed with facts relative to the art of guessing, at which times he always stopped in front of me.

"Did you ever study it, doctor? I know you haven't. I am the only one that ever reduced it to a science. Since I left my noble veterans, I have devoted my whole time to it; and now I am about to initiate you into its mysteries, if you are worthy."

He was standing before me so very calm, that I did not think he intended to harm me; but when I looked into his eyes, burning with the fire of insanity, I felt that my situation was desperate indeed.

"I must test you," he said. "I must see whether you are naturally gifted or not, before I waste much time with you. If I remove the handkerchief, will you answer my questions?"

I nodded an affirmative, and he removed it.

"Now, my dear doctor, you are an entire stranger to me. Without doubt you have often heard of me, but it will be a hard task to distinguish my name from all other great men of the time. You may guess it, doctor. What is it?"

He had brought his face so near to mine that I could feel his hot breath, and I fancied that I could feel the heat in those terrible eyes. The long, keen blade he was holding over me—for what? To take my life if I failed.

"Guess! guess!" he screamed. "If you fail, it will be your last guess in this world."

I dared not cry out; the knife was too near. I could not escape, for the strong cords bound me to that chair I could not lift, and I could lie there, and lose my life. What could I do?

"It is a hard guess, and I will give you three minutes to answer it," he said.

I summoned all my courage, which had never yet failed me—even in the awful hour of battle—and looking him steadily in the eye, said—

"I know you, sir; so where is the use of guessing? I have seen you on the battle-field marshalling your hosts to victory. I have seen you cut down a score of men with your own single arm. I have seen you put to flight a whole battalion. I know you—everybody knows you. Your name is in my mouth."

I remembered what he had said about leaving his veterans, and had tried this harangue to divert his attention. I paused to mark the effect.

"Yes!—yes, doctor! But what is it?" he exclaimed again. "Thirty seconds!"

Great God! What would I not have given for a clue to that madman's fancy! Thirty seconds, and how short a second is! The knife was raised higher, that it might gain momentum by the distance. His body was braced for the stroke, and his eye upon the mark.

"Ten seconds more! What is it?"

There was only one hope for me, and that was to guess. I felt that he considered himself some great man; as he had spoken of veterans, some great military chieftain. I thought of our own heroes, and the names of many of them were upon my lips, but I dared not utter them. It was the greatest chance game that I had ever played—my life depended on the guessing of a name. I thought of all the European generals, but cast them aside again, and came back to our own side of the water.

"Two seconds!" screeched the lunatic.

Without a thought, almost without a volition, I spoke a name, breathing a prayer that it might be the right one:—

"*Napoleon Bonaparte!*"

"Right!" said the madman, throwing aside his knife, and undoing the cords that held me. "I was mistaken in you, doctor. You have true genius; this is your first lesson; come at this hour every evening and I will teach you the beautiful art—the way to immortal fame.

As I arose from the chair, weak and trembling, the door opened softly, and four strong men entered and secured the maniac. I started for home well pleased that I had got through with my first guessing lesson, and fervently hoping that I should never be called upon to take another.

Yarkand and Kaskgar.

[Mr. R. B. Shaw, an English traveller, gives the following account of his visit to the above countries—lying East of Tartary proper. The hitherto almost unknown country he describes, is probably the very home of our fathers—the elevated basin from which the progenitors of all the Saxon, Norman, Celtic, Hindoo, Persian, Roman, Grecian, and all other Aryan nations came.—*Editor Sat. Eve. Post.*]

The lecturer (Mr. Shaw) commenced by saying that the common idea of Tartary was that of a succession of vast plains, over which hordes of barbarians wandered at will with their cattle and tents. He had found the reality widely different. It was a well-cultivated country, containing flourishing cities of more than 100,000 inhabitants, where many of the arts of civilization are carried on. Security of life and property exists, commerce is protected, the roads are full of life and movement, and markets are held on a fixed day of the week, even in the smallest villages. In the towns extensive bazaars, covered in against the rays of the sun, contain rows of shops, where goods of every kind and from every country are exhibited. In Yarkand alone there are sixty colleges, with endowments in land, for the education of students of Mussulman law and divinity, while every street contains a primary school attached to a mosque. There are special streets for the various trades. In one street will be found the silks of China, in another the cotton goods and prints of Russia, while a third will contain robes made of both materials, three or four of which make up the ordinary dress of the Turki inhabitants. In some streets all kinds of groceries are sold; others are set apart for the butchers, who offer a choice of horse-flesh, camel, beef, or mutton. The first is rather a luxury, but the two last are most abundant, selling at about one penny a pound. The bakers make most excellent light loaves by a process of steaming the bread. The green-grocers present abundant supplies of vegetables in great variety, besides cream nearly as thick as that of Devonshire, and delicious cream-cheeses. Everywhere sherbet made of fruit is sold, which you can get cooled at any street corner, where there are stalls for the sale of ice. There are tea-shops where the great urns are ever steaming, and eating-houses in abundance. Such is the manifold life of this little-known nation; living a life of its own, making history very fast, and looking upon European politics with the same indifference with which its own have been regarded by us. The author, who made his journey with the view of opening the way for trade, especially in tea, between India and Eastern Turkistan, described the manner of his reception by the Governor of Yarkand, and by the Ataligh Ghazee, the ruler of the country, then resident in Kashgar, who now seems firmly established as king over a productive region containing a population variously estimated at from 20 to 60 millions. The Andijanis occupy the chief places in the administration, and form the strength of the army; but their attitude towards the native Yarkandis is very conciliatory, and they are looked upon, not as conquerors, but as brothers in faith and blood, who have delivered them from the yoke of unbelievers and idolaters. The Yarkandis are naturally addicted to commerce and the arts of peace, while the Usbeks of Andijan find their most congenial occupation in administration and arms. Both peoples speak the same language, which is essentially that of the Turks of Constantinople. The Ataligh, Yakoob Beg, impressed Mr. Shaw as a man of remarkable intelligence and energy. Merchants from India are beginning to frequent Yarkand, and it only required the removal of a few obstacles in the hill countries subject to our own influence to open out a field for trade, of which is would be difficult to over-estimate the importance. The whole region forms a vast elevated basin, in Central Asia, about 4,000 feet above the sea-level, surrounded on three sides by a wall of snow-covered mountains, reaching in many places an altitude of more than 20,000 feet. On the east it passes into the sandy desert of Gobi, which separates it from China. All the rivers which descend from the snows of the mountain, flowing eastward, are lost in the sands, and, as there is little or no rain, the soil has to be fertilized by canals and irrigation. The beautiful cultivation and luxuriance of the thickly-peopled parts are entirely due to these irrigating canals, which are exceedingly numerous and carefully kept. Mr. Shaw stated that the King himself superintended the works at a new canal whilst he was there, and even labored at it himself. The country is separated from the plains of India by the mountain-system of the Himalaya, forming an elevated belt 500 miles broad, with eleven more or less elevated parallel ridges of mountains lying along it. The most northerly of these ridges was styled Kuen-lun by the Chinese, but was not a distinct chain from the rest of the mountains. Mr. Shaw concluded by describing his return journey over the Karakorum Pass.

Sir Henry Rawlinson said that the Government of India had considered Mr. Shaw's discoveries of so much importance that they had entered into negotiations with the Maharajah of Cashmere for the purpose of encouraging trade with Eastern Turkistan, and arrangements had been entered into by which all transit duties through Ladak would be abolished. The difficulties of the route northward from Ladak over the Karakorum would probably be obviated by the adoption of the much easier road to the east *via* Changchenmo, or still better, by the elevated level plains of Rudok still farther east. The difficult Sanju Pass over the Kuen-lun would also be avoided in future by the adoption of the Yenghi Pass, all that was necessary being the establishment of a fort at its foot to protect caravans from the depredations of hordes of robbers who frequent that district. The President reminded the meeting that Mr. Shaw was the first European since the days of Marco Polo who had penetrated to Yarkand, and been allowed to return from that wonderful country. The Society's envoy, Mr. Hayward, had reached the place a few days after him; but the two were not allowed to see each other until they were on the way back again.

How They Know the Yankee.

One day last fall, says a writer, in company with an eminent clergyman of London, I was making my way toward the Thames Tunnel, when we were stopped by an itinerant vender of pictures, who seemed to know my companion. "Buy some of these pictures of the public buildings of London, sir," he said, "and you can give them to your American friend to take home with him."

I was in a hurry—but my wonderment would have stopped me if I had been running to a fire.

"How in creation did you know I was an American?" I asked.

"Why, I couldn't mistake *that*," the picture-seller replied, with a quiet laugh. "You're American *all over*."

I purchased a picture, and then asked him to explain himself.

"I would know you by your soft beaver hat," he said. "That's an American fashion."

"Well—if it were not for that?"

He glanced down at my feet.

"Your boots would betray you. Nobody but Americans wear square toes."

"Well—what else?"

"Your chin whiskers. Englishmen always wear the mutton-chop style."

"Well—anything more?"

"If you won't be offended, sir?"

"Not at all; I am seeking for information."

"I should know you by your thin, peaked face."

"Well, my friend," I said, "I fancy you are at the end of your catalogue now. Suppose that I wore a stiff, high-crowned hat, round-toed boots, mutton-chopped whiskers, and had a face as red and chubby as any in Britain—would you be able to know me for an American then?"

"Certainly I should, as soon as I heard you speak," the fellow triumphantly answered. "You Americans invariably commence every sentence with a *well*."

My English friend laughed long and loud at the man's adroitness.

"I believe he is more than half right," he said. "See if your nationality is not detected everywhere you go."

It was even so. In Paris I was importuned to buy a photograph of La Fayette, because he was "so friend of all Americans;" in Genoa a dirty vagabond was clamorous to exhibit to me the house where Columbus was born, because he discovered "the signor's great countree;" and at Alexandria the climax was capped by a ragged little descendant of the Pharaohs, who besought him to take a ride on his donkey. "Strong donkee—fast donkee—nice Yankee Doodle donkee!" was his irresistible appeal, in the only English words he knew."

So it seems that the individual American is known all over the world.

True Ends of Housekeeping.

Let us understand that a house should bear witness in all its economy that human culture is the end to which it is built and garnished. It stands there under the sun and moon to ends analogous and not less noble than theirs. It is not for festivity, it is not for sleep; but the pine and the oak shall gladly descend from the mountains to uphold the roof of men as faithful and necessary as themselves; to be the shelter always open to good and true persons; a hall which shines with sincerity, brows ever tranquil, and a demeanor impossible to disconcert; whose inmates know what they want; who do not ask your house how theirs should be kept. They have aims; they cannot pause for trifles. The diet of the house does not create its order, but knowledge, character, action, absorb so much life and yield so much entertainment that the refectory has ceased to be so curiously studied. With a change of aim has followed a change of the whole scale by which men and things were wont to be measured. Wealth and poverty are seen for what they are. It begins to be seen that the poor are only they who feel poor, and poverty consists in feeling poor. The rich, as we reckon them, and among them the very rich, in a true scale would be found very indigent and ragged. The great make us feel, first of all, the indifference of circumstances. They call into activity the higher perceptions, and subdue the low habits of comfort and luxury; but the higher perceptions find their objects everywhere: only the low habits need palaces and banquets. Honor to the house where they are simple to the verge of hardship, so that there the intellect is awake and reads the laws of the universe, the soul worships truth and love, honor and courtesy flow into all deeds.—*Emerson.*

TIME LONG PAST.

[The following poem by Shelley has been printed for the first time, in the edition of his works prepared by Mr. Rossetti, and just published in London:]

Like the ghost of a dear friend dead
Is time long past;
A tone which is now forever fled,
A hope which is now forever past,
A love so sweet it could not last,
Was time long past.

There were sweet dreams in the night
Of time long past;
And, was it sadness or delight,
Each day a shadow onward cast,
Which made us wish it yet might last—
That time long past!

There is regret, almost remorse,
For time long past,
'Tis like a child's beloved corse
A father watches till at last
Beauty is like remembrance cast
From time long past.

Spring Dresses.

Our lady readers may depend upon the freshness and excellence of the following directions:—

The plan of making spring costumes of mohair and kindred fabrics is a short skirt about three yards wide, gored in the usual way, and trimmed to the depth of half a yard, or even three-fourths for tall figures, with a plaiting of the material, finished top and bottom by a narrow box-plaited frill and a piping of *gros grain*. Close-fitting over dress with bodice and *bouffant* skirt in one, the later reaching to the plaiting on the under skirt. The design is to have the under skirt appear to be formed entirely of kilt plaits, but these carried to the waist would make the dress too heavy for comfort. A narrow plaiting edges the over garment. Wide flowing sleeves, or else *sabot* sleeves held in near the wrist, and two plaited frills falling towards the hand. Square *revers* at the throat, or else standing plaits in heart shaped. *Gros grain* belt and bow without sash ends. Small bows up the front bodice. White muslin frills standing around the neck and drooping over the hands.

Dresses of washing materials are made in short costumes that may be worn both in the house and street. A pretty fashion for *pique* dresses is a postillion *basque* and narrow gored skirt. As gathers of thick *pique* iron badly, the skirt should be sloped perfectly flat in front and at the sides, and the back sewed to a belt in broad flat plaits. The postillion *basque*, like those made for riding habits, is square at the back and pointed or round in front. The sleeves are the duchess shape—a coat sleeve rounded open from the wrist half-way to the elbow. The trimming is cotton fringe of thick cords headed by a sort of *passementerie* of square or round cords in vine patterns like braiding. Large frog buttons with loops are manufactured for the front of the jacket, ornaments for the sleeves, and fancy buttons for the back.

Other suits of *pique* are made with an upper skirt of simple shape, sometimes forming large leaves; and for an over garment a short loose paletot, more ample than the sailor jacket of last season, left open half-way up the seams under the arms and in the middle of the back. Large flowing sleeves. The trimming is slightly-gathered strips of English embroidery, or that which imitates *guipure* designs. A heading for these scanty frills is made of strips of insertion, placed at intervals over wide black velvet ribbon. Two standing frills trim the front of the jacket in heart shape. A buff linen costume, made in the way just described, is trimmed with straight frills chain-stitched with black.

[Note. We have not the remotest conception what a good deal of the above means, but our better half assures us it is all right. —*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

Large Brains.

A general idea holds ground that large heads mean large intellects, that weight of brain indicates mental strength. But the notion is a false one: one fact will disprove it. Man is inferior to some apes in the proportion which his brain bears to his body. When we come to animals the differences are very striking. A continental physiologist has been gauging the skulls of various quadrupeds, and weighing their contents. There are beasts whose instinct approaches to reason, and we style such intelligent; their high instinct is not however commensurable with their cerebral developments. To range a few of the commonest animals in the order of brain weights, we have the following declining scales:—cat, dog, rabbit, sheep, ass, pig, horse, and ox. The two last have the same weight of nerve centre in proportion to the capacity of their bodies, but they have only a sixth part that of the first on the list; that is to say, the cat has six times as much brain in proportion to her size as the horse has in proportion to his size. The pig has more than the horse, the sheep more than the pig. Who would have thought it? Evidently there are brains and brains. The facts almost set us wondering whether the brain has anything to do with the intellect at all. A systematic measurement of the cerebrine matter of wise and foolish men is a thing to be desired.

[NOTE.—While we fully admit that there are brains and brains—some being doubtless of a much finer and denser texture than others—we think the above writer does not meet the real point at issue. It is not a question of the amount of brain in proportion to size, but of the absolute amount. The above does not show that the man has not really more brain than the ape, nor the horse than the cat. It only says that proportionately to the sizes of the respective animals, the ape and cat have more than the man and horse. But in determining whether the thinking faculty depends upon the size of the brain, it is the absolute and not the relative size which it is important to know.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

☞ On the Albany and Boston Railroad, one night recently, there were at one point seven passengers and fifteen freight trains, which had been waiting thirty-six hours for a chance to get through the snow and ice on the track. It has been found very difficult to clear the obstructions, owing to the melting of the snow, which, turning to slush and then suddenly freezing, left on the track a solid coating of ice four or five inches deep, upon which the snow plough has no effect.

SUN AND RAIN.

A young wife stood at the lattice-pane,
In a study sad and "brown,"
Watching the dreary, ceaseless rain,
Steadily pouring down—
Drip, drip, drip,
It kept on its tireless play;
And the poor little woman sighed, "Ah, me!
What a wretched, weary day!"

An eager hand at the door,
A step as of one in haste,
A kiss on her lips once more,
And an arm around her waist;
Throb, throb, throb,
Went her little heart, grateful and gay,
As she thought, with a smile, "Well, after all,
It isn't so dull a day!"

Forgot was the plashing rain,
And the lowering skies above,
For the sombre room was lighted again
By the blessed sun o' love:
"Love, love, love!"
Ran the little wife's murmured lay;
"Without, it may threaten and frown if it will;
Within, what a golden day!"

UNDER A BAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS,
AUTHOR OF "CLAUDIA," "CUT ADRIFT," &c., &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by H. Paterson & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XIV.

FRIEND OR FOE.

The compact between Vaughan Marchmont and Lucy Thorndike was kept rather more scrupulously in some respects than he had intended. She was not quite sure of the latitude the term implied. She had not been reared to a fine sense of honor, but something stronger than training had implanted it in her soul. Her husband was sacred to her, although she began to understand that she had never loved him, and that each day the distance between them widened.

She was left so entirely to her own resources, you must remember. The narrow, rigid creed of her childhood outgrown, no other firm faith had taken its place. Her husband was so engrossed with business that he found little time to devote to her. He saw no harm in Mr. Marchmont driving her out, attending her to a party or spending evenings at home. Rachel heard a bit of gossip now and then, but she shut her thin lips firmly as she said, "She had washed her hands of the matter."

They read, sang, and talked together. He did rouse some of the finer chords of her nature, and woke a new spirit of ambition, a larger and more comprehensive feeling than her soul had yet known. There were moments too when she lingered on the verge of fascination. But just when she might have been swept down the swift current a look in the light eyes startled her, or half smile of complacency chilled with a faint misgiving.

He had played the part so many times that it had become mechanical. Of course the different natures gave it a flavor, and he possessed an inordinate love of mastery and triumph. His aim was to subdue, to make Lucy Thorndike feel that here was a man whom she could love with her whole soul.

But Lucy Thorndike was unlike the women of society. Small vanities she had in abundance, but the larger ones on which he had counted for success, did not thrive in this soil. She was too essentially honest. To love any man besides her husband was a sin in her clear eyes, and she would not openly walk into such a snare.

But most important of all he was not the kind of man that she could thus have loved. She had little hesitation therefore in accepting his friendship so freely. He had the taste and culture that appealed strongly to her æsthetic sense. A talk with him was much more satisfactory than an evening spent in fashionable gossip over the nothings of society.

And so the winter wore away. Spring began to make green the hillsides and blossom in the woods. The heat, the glare, the sameness of her petty round grew wearisome to Lucy, and her restless impatience broke out into long rambles through the woods. At first alone, but even here Mr. Marchmont soon became her companion.

She puzzled him more than any woman he had ever met. Like many others he could make a liberal allowances for trifles and superficiality, but simple truth was like an unknown tongue to him. Her ignorance and charming innocence that he had counted on at first became strong barriers to oppose his progress.

She entered the house late one afternoon with her hands full of wild flowers, her cheeks flushed, and her deep eyes alight with strong and earnest feeling. A figure just inside the library door caught her attention, and she took an eager step forward, expecting to see Mr. Marchmont. She looked very lovely and girlish, her scarlet lips half parted with a smile.

"Oh," she exclaimed, coming to a sudden and rather confused pause.

"Am I an intruder? I finished all the business that I could find to do, and then accepted your husband's invitation," Mr. Rutherford said in his bright, pleasant tone. "The servant assured me that you had only gone out for a walk."

"And I am glad to see you, even if my hands are inhospitably full, and perhaps not in the highest state of cleanliness."

She dropped the flowers on the library table and pushed aside her dainty hat with its long, brown plume.

"I am only sorry that I did not come earlier," he said half regretfully. "Nothing would have pleased me better than to have shared such a ramble."

"And I had no companion. Mr. Rutherford why did you not have a presentiment?"

She looked up eagerly. What was there in these eyes that he had never seen before? A new depth and strength and richness!

"I am a dull hand at these things," he said in a slow tone. "I wonder if any one ever came at an important moment when he or she was most needed? But excuse my taking up the subject so eagerly," and he smiled.

"It would be a pleasant belief if the old charm were true that thrice wishing could bring an absent friend. Only I wonder if our friends would not sometimes object to their summary journeys?"

"Every delight seems to have an uncomfortable side," he said. "Perhaps, after all, a wiser hand rules even these small events of our lives."

"Oh, she exclaimed, "you must let me run away a moment and make myself a bit more presentable. And will you question my taste if I have a vase of wild flowers among these exotics?"

"Indeed, no. They are too suggestive of balmy skies and fragrant woody depths to cavil at."

She rang for a vase of fresh water, and arranged them in a graceful manner, sending away the refuse. Then she disappeared herself.

Sometimes she spent an hour or two in the hands of her dressing-maid, and emerged from thence in a state of splendor. Now she smoothed her golden hair and donned a soft gray silk, fastening a knot of pink ribbon at her throat. She could hardly miss looking pretty in anything.

So she hurried back to her visitor and found him still studying the flowers.

The day had been unusually warm and delightful, and the grate fire was going sleepily to ashes. Through the open window came genial airs of spring. Somehow she seemed to be a part of the fast dawning season, soft, fair and fragrant.

"What a pleasure it is to see you here again," she exclaimed in her gay, glad voice. "I had begun to think you almost as much of a business man as Mr. Thorndike, who never has eyes, ears nor time for anything beside."

"I have been a good deal engrossed during the last year."

"I think you are looking rather pale and worn," she said.

"Am I? Well, I am going to take a long holiday, and a long journey."

"Are you? Where are you going, Mr. Rutherford?"

Her bright face was all eagerness and interest—and she questioned like a child.

"To Greece—and afterward I shall take some rambles along the shore of the Mediterranean."

She was silent with surprise, and then a very curious feeling took its place—as if she dreaded to have him so far away.

"Well?"

His voice was very pleasant and invited some comment.

"It will be delightful! I more than half envy you;" in a lingering tone.

"Your turn will come some day. There is a peculiar romance lurking about the Orient. It is just as fresh now as in my boyhood when it was *my* one dream."

"No," she answered, slowly, "I am afraid my turn will never come for that. Mr. Thorndike is not fond of pleasure-travelling—it bores him."

"Mine is part duty—though I mean to make it a source of much pleasure. I am guardian for the child of a friend who has lately lost her mother, and is left to the care of some cousins. Her mother's family are anxious about her; and as I esteem them highly, I am the more willing to undertake the quest."

"And after you reach them?"

Somehow she half envied the party who should be under his guidance.

"The child's health is not very firm—so we shall linger by the lovely sea of which poets and painters dream. In some visions brighter than all the rest, I shall remember you."

"Still, I wish you were not going. I am very unreasonable, you see."

He had not the vanity to interpret the words into any purely personal compliment. He thought of her rather as one who fearing the path in which she must walk, stretches out timorous hands for courage and strength. This sympathetic reading of her vague mood touched her and imparted a still keener regret.

"I shall be sorry to have you go;" she said, "and yet it is a selfish sorrow. I cannot bear to think of friends as being quite out of reach."

"Two or three years soon pass. I shall expect to find you the wife of a millionaire on my return."

The money fell upon her ears with an empty sound. She was thinking of some few things that were better than gold. And especially that far land of song and romance. She had spoken truly when she said travelling for pleasure bored her husband. So she felt herself shut out of that source of enjoyment.

"Tell me about it," she exclaimed, "the land of citron blooms and orange groves. You know once you described the Alps for me."

Ah, she still remembered that—one of their pleasant idle evenings.

He possessed the rare faculty of making marvellous word-pictures. She listened as the twilight fell softly about them, and the gray ashes of the grate dropped in little mounds on the fender. She heard the cool lapping of the waves in his voice, she saw the dreamy shores, the groves, the mountains, the shepherds with their flocks, the indolent peasant drowsing on banks made white with the snow of orange blossoms. And she thought—what a companion this man would be for such a journey. To have him wasted upon foolish, unformed children, was absurd.

Why had he never married? She roused herself, and glanced up in the shadowy light.

"I am tiring you."

"Oh no, Mr. Rutherford, I was only wondering—"

Mary came to light up and receive some orders about the table. Then Mr. Thorndike's step and breezy voice were heard, and the dream of Grecian shores vanished.

The dinner was elegant as usual. Afterward some friends—Mr. and Mrs. Graham, and the lady's sister, a Miss Ronald, dropped in. When the conversation flagged a little, and somehow Lucy could not come down to common-place level easily, cards were proposed.

Mr. Rutherford declined playing, and was meditating a graceful departure, when another visitor was announced.

"Mr. Marchmont!"

Mrs. Thorndike glanced up to watch the meeting between them. It was eminently courteous, indeed if there was any secret antagonism between the two, they had the good taste not to drag it into business relations or a chance encounter like this.

"So you went to the woods?" Mr. Marchmont said, in a low tone, nodding to the vase of wild flowers.

"Yes, I waited nearly an hour for you, then I remembered that Mr. Thorndike said at lunch, that there was to be a meeting of directors or something. But I was not to be cheated out of my ramble!"

SWAPPING HORSES.

We all know, from an anecdote adopted and made famous by Mr. Lincoln, that some circumstances are not well adapted to "swapping horses." But the above engraving shows that there are other circumstances in which swapping horses, and that just as soon as possible, is the very best thing that can be done. In India, where it is such splendid sport to hunt the tiger—and such unpleasant sport to be hunted by the tiger in return—sportsmen generally adopt this rule:—If the tiger wants to get on your horse and ride with you, it is no more than polite to let him have his way, and not attempt to ride double.

She uttered this with a kind of gleeful elation as if she had achieved a victory.

He bit his lip. He had been trying to make himself absolutely necessary to this woman's enjoyment of such small pleasures, and occasionally she surprised him by a mood of brilliant and aggravating independence.

"I dare say you never missed me. The sunshine was brighter, the flowers sweeter, and the birds more joyous for the solitude."

"Would it be so with you?" she asked, archly.

"Not if I had a friend to regret."

The handsome face took on a half-sad expression.

"Well, I did miss you. Will that content you?"

The voice and face were alike gay. There was no trace of latent sentiment.

He knew she must have gone alone, yet he caught himself wondering when Mr. Rutherford could have made his appearance. A feeling of grudging jealousy stole over him. He could allow no one to sway her but himself.

Low as their voices had been modulated, Mr. Rutherford had caught every word. And now he glanced them both over with a curious feeling.

A man of the world—handsome, fascinating, and unscrupulous, whose experience in the world had been wide and varied, and a woman with beauty enough to make her an object in this man's eyes, but with no safeguard or security against his wiles. Not that he meant positive dishonor. Mr. Marchmont was not likely to throw himself away for the sake of any woman's love. It was that more subtle destruction of faith and trust, of love raised to a pedestal and then rudely plunged into the black and bitter ashes of despair.

Warren Thorndike sat unconscious of the little tragedy that might be played before him. He laughed boisterously as he took a trick—he was always delighted with triumphs, large or small. How coarse and common the man was! And yet he was Lucy Thorndike's untrusty keeper!

The two went on with their by-play innocent enough, and not done by stealth on her side, at least; but Marchmont's furtive glances were not pleasant things to encounter.

Miss Ronald, tired of being beaten in every game, and perhaps looking with longing eyes on the two marriageable gentlemen opposite, declared that she was tired of playing.

"Come, Marchmont, take a hand," said his host.

"Excuse me. Not after those tremendous columns of figures that are still floating in detachments through my brain. I should make statements instead of points."

"Ho!" laughed Mr. Thorndike, almost contemptuously, "I don't let 'em trouble me afterward. They're all safe and right. Lucy, you'll have to be Mr. Graham's partner."

"No, I shall decline out of good feeling for Mr. Graham, merely explaining an old fact to him that my partner is always a most unlucky man. I have no charmed fingers for cards. Let us go to the drawing-room and have some music. Miss Ronald sings."

The young lady was delighted with this proposal.

"Oh, hang the music!" burst out Mr. Thorndike.

His wife's fair face flushed the deepest scarlet. The small refinements that she had tried to engraft upon her husband had not taken root kindly, and occasionally were flung off with a careless wrench.

Lucy recovered herself and smiled in a kind of royal fashion over the wound in her heart. So, while timid Miss Ronald stood in indecision, she marshalled the way across the hall.

"Stay, Graham, and have some wine. Won't you join us, Rutherford?"

"I think I'll take the music as a first course," he replied, rising.

Mr. Thorndike's prosperity, although much of it was in perspective, was leading rapidly to indulgences. The bright glow of health had changed to the ruddier one of stimulants. Not that he had fallen into positive habits of dissipation, but he was on a dangerous verge.

Mr. Graham loved wine, cigars and good cheer. They had the library to themselves while the party in the drawing-room sought a more refined manner of enjoyment.

Miss Ronald was delighted to have this elegant Mr. Marchmont turning music for her and joining in duets. She rather envied Mrs. Thorndike's power of attracting gentlemen, and perhaps would never have given it credit for a large element of simplicity.

Mr. Rutherford in the meanwhile devoted himself to Mrs. Graham, a showily, overdressed woman, rather loud in all her ways. Lucy gave him a grateful look. The friendly element in him seemed to come out so strong and clear that again she thought—how one could trust him!

So the evening came to an end very pleasantly. Mrs. Graham excused herself for giving a verbal invitation, but she was going to have a small company at her house on Monday evening next, and she should be so happy to have him join them. Mrs. Thorndike had accepted.

"I expect to leave to-morrow," he replied, "so I shall be compelled to decline. I merely came to Dedham on a matter of business."

"Mrs. Thorndike, won't you persuade him? It's only to stay over a day or two."

Lucy was very good-natured, and perhaps a trifle selfish. Mr. Thorndike had told her to accept this invitation of the Grahams, and in order to surround herself with some agreeable spirits she was ready to plead.

"You know the steamer sails on Wednesday," he said in a low tone.

"And I also know that it is quite possible we may never meet again, with something in her voice that sounded like a smothered pain."

He started at that, then added—

"But I really have not time."

"For my sake, I shall claim the Sunday."

Mrs. Graham's attention had been diverted for a moment, but now she turned.

"Have you persuaded him?"

"She has persuaded me, responded Mr. Rutherford with a smile.

"And you will come on Monday evening?"

"I will come," for Lucy Thorndike's eyes were still upon him.

Vaughan Marchmont had been witness to the last of this, and ground his teeth. He began to hate the other actively, instead of the passive dislike he had hitherto entertained.

"Perhaps it wasn't quite right," Lucy said in a repentant whisper, "but the temptation was great."

He gave her a kindly smile, showing that he had not taken her teasing amiss.

When Mr. Thorndike found that Mr. Rutherford was to remain until Tuesday, as he announced it to that gentleman in the course of his Saturday morning's conversation, an urgent invitation was given for him to accept the hospitalities of the Thorndike mansion. There were ample hotel accommodations now, but Warren Thorndike was anxious to do the handsome thing, as he explained to his wife, when he brought Mr. Rutherford home to dinner on the second day.

When Mr. Marchmont saw him step out of the elegant Thorndike carriage on Sunday morning, his heart was filled with bitterness. The hours they would spend together rankled thornily; even the remembrance that they would be the last for a long while could not soften the sense of personal injury.

They were simple enough, with but small chance for danger. On Sunday evening as Mr. Thorndike, overcome with indolence and a good dinner, drowsed in his chair, the two ventured upon a conversation that though it contained no word to which the whole world might not have listened, was still a matter sacred between two souls.

Where had she gained this depth and richness, this power to grasp finer truths, this insight into human souls? Once he had stood aloof with a man's slow, undecided pity, thinking the old groove the safest for her, but she had stepped out of it. Here was the possibility of a noble woman, strong in faith, truth, affection! What master hand had thus tuned the chords?

He had known love to work this miracle, but the man over yonder with his narrow, turgid brain, responding only to the clink of gold, had no such power. Had she come up to these heights alone?

CHAPTER XV.

LOITERING ON THE BRINK.

Mrs. Graham's party was in full blast. An inelegant term I grant, but no other seems to express it perfectly. Although many of the guests were refined there was still something vulgar and common about it. Mr. Graham had owned part of the mining tract and sold for a fabulous sum, since copper as well as iron, had been discovered. So he had built an addition to his house, and furnished it in most exaggerated style. The carpets were painfully bright, the reps in glaring flowers, and the cornices broader than any in Dedham.

The two things that gave Lucy Thorndike most pleasure were the flowers and the music. Then the night was sufficiently pleasant to admit of rambling out on the wide balcony where a glorious moon rivalled the glare within. Of late she had declined large parties upon one plea and another, influenced somewhat by Mr. Marchmont.

Mrs. Graham and Miss Ronald were in their glory. It elated her greatly to have Mr. Marchmont walk through a quadrille with her and mark another on her card.

If he meant to pique Lucy Thorndike he failed signally. He might have danced half the night with Miss Ronald, and no cloud would have marred her fair face.

But he could not endure finding himself superseded. A dangerous flame sped through his pulses. He would regain his lost ground here before Mr. Rutherford's very eyes. He would have no rival triumphing in secret.

When Vaughan Marchmont resolved he could be very winsome. He beguiled Lucy Thorndike into dancing, and he could render it a most fascinating amusement to her. Then he took her to a quiet corner for an ice, and gave her no time for reflection. He was in one of those subtle, magnetic moods that had won him some difficult triumphs before, and he hurried her along on the swift, sparkling tide of excitement. His voice was eagerly persuasive, his eyes played in depths of strange light, like some brilliant auroral gleam.

She had never been subjected to his full power before. He kept that for women of the world, old campaigners. Now the forceful flame stirred her blood, her brain seemed to swim in languid mazes of satisfaction, forgetfulness. With another it might have been love.

She made no resistance, because she saw no danger. He had imbued her with his creed, or rather in some moments she seemed to slip indolently into it. No one had ever raised a warning voice against this lapse into heathendom.

"There is our waltz," he said presently, watching the slumberous light in her eyes.

"Not now," she answered almost unconsciously.

Let her go back to Rutherford when this spell had but half accomplished its work! A hard, haughty smile crossed his lips.

"Yes, now. It's a long while since I have asked the favor," in that half-sad, half-pleading, and wholly persuasive voice that so often wins a woman.

They went out to the dancing-room, she moving slowly as if in a trance. The lights dazzled, the gales of melody were wafted from some enchanting shore. Weird voices of mystery, tender, passionate and alluring. Half a dozen couples had joined the mazy whirl, and were keeping time with eager, dainty feet.

Marchmont drew her in with the tide. Mrs. McLaren was just in front of them with a friend, and Miss Ronald farther on in her flowing white robes. She yielded to the swift current and floated on, her glancing feet scarcely touching the floor, the strong arm encircling her rendering any volition of her own unnecessary.

All the grace and perfection of her nature, the vague aspirations and enthusiasms, the ardent longing and keen wants that sometimes tortured her were met and answered by these wild, quivering strains of music. Life was an everlasting now! She forgot the unsatisfactory past, and the future with its dreary level and arid wastes. The complete satisfaction blossomed in her face like the glory of a new dawn.

Rutherford stood in one of the wide doorways. He saw the light form swaying like a lily in the summer air, the drooping, large-lidded eyes with gleams of trophical fire kindling their smoldering softness, the still scarlet lips, the sloping shoulders through their veil of white, and the trembling, panting bliss so near to exquisite pain. Why should he start at such a capacity of emotion visible in every feature and movement.

Once or twice in his life he had attained to some rare possibility in a day-dream, of a woman whose nature might thus be responsive to his own, in whom he could awaken different feelings with his changing moods. For an instant he envied Marchmont madly, and then he roused himself.

What right had he to think about this woman? She was not for him, nor for Marchmont. And then a black gulf yawned before him, she treading carelessly on its verge, beholding no danger in the flowers that covered its edge.

In the course of his thirty-five years he had seen the tragedy played more than once. He knew the swift way in which souls were lured to destruction, the bitter depths to which they were hurled. Was there no one to save her? Would these women look on and smile until the last fatal boundary had been passed and then hold up their white hands, guiltless, and only speak her name in derisive pity? He studied faces. Happy wives perhaps, proud, fond daughters, each intent upon her own pleasure. Doubtless they could preach pretty moral homilies in their serious moments, and with as much complacency watch the soul of their sister go down to perdition.

And then he glanced at her again. Months ago he had discerned in her a vague, mental hungering after a higher and more satisfying sustenance than she had yet known. He dreaded these crude awakenings in women, and when he looked around on her barren life and saw the utter dearth and poverty of true soul aliment, he shrank from bringing her face to face with these cold bare facts. Had she strength to buffet through dark waves of despair and at last sit alone on the dreary shore knowing herself safe and in the right, and yet with a mere negative satisfaction before her? The souls of women needed warmth and love, and when she came to know truly what she could give, would she not in some moment of fatal weakness reach out her hand for forbidden fruit?

So he had left her safe in her ignorance, he thought, and another was teaching her the dangerous lesson. In any case the result must be misery. Should he save her even now?

Paul Rutherford had received more than one hard blow from adverse fate. He had been betrayed in matters of sacred faith—he had been wounded in the house of a friend—and one or two that he had plucked from the burning, had laughed him to scorn. Would she?

After all, what was she to him? The wife of a mere business acquaintance—a young and pretty woman, on whom the world would smile until the very day that

she went down, because her husband carried a golden key. Why should *he* save her?

Oh, because Christ died for all! Because the first brother, unfaithful to his trust, had received a fatal mark, that all seeing might know the fearful crime. Because in this world one was to reach out a helping hand to another, and tide over the perilous places.

French horns blew out their last lingering sweetness. The notes of the viol and flute dropped down to silence, and yet the very air still quivered with melody. He saw the one face full of impassioned beauty and languid grace, with the mist of golden curls lying bright about it. And then he drew near.

Vaughan Marchmont was wild enough to compromise her in the eyes of this man. He wanted to rivet his claim so strongly that it could never be wholly broken again. He gave Rutherford a haughty, supercilious stare, and she smiled dreamily.

"Oh, my fan," she said in a soft breath. "I believe I put it on the stand with that Marble Flora."

He bit his lips fiercely beneath the jetty moustache. If there had been a servant near—but there was not—and he must leave her a brief moment. He whispered something in her ear—

"You are tired," Mr. Rutherford said, in his cool, clear tones, that seemed to revive her like the plash of falling water in a leafy covert.

"Rather—yes; but it was enchanting."

Her cheeks glowed, and a magnetic flame seemed hovering about the drowsy eyes.

"You danced too long. You will not waltz again to-night?"

She roused herself a little and glanced at him.

"Yes, once, after supper—I have just promised."

"Keep the first quadrille for me—it is my secret."

He uttered this hurriedly, and it was all that he had time to say.

Mr. Marchmont came with the fan and her shawl.

"Let us go where it is cooler," he said, and with a glance the eyes of the two men met.

In some odd way the look crossed Lucy Thorndike's vision as well. She smiled with a quaint piquantness and that peculiar inward knowledge that her senses were sometimes empowered to translate. They were enemies—and why?

Vaughan Marchmont shawled her and led her away. They sat by an open window watching the couples go by, and were strangely silent.

A little while afterward supper was announced. They trooped in two and two, chatting gayly amid the jam and crush. Mr. Thorndike had a very showy young woman on his arm, and nodded familiarly as he passed his wife and Marchmont. Some of the women looked askance. What right had she always to appropriate the most remarkable gentlemen?

She was not in a mood for eating. Some wayward blood was at Carnival tide in her veins. If life could be one long revel—forgetting that she had tired of it before. To-night she felt inspired. Did she stand on the verge of some daring mystery?

An hour or two later they left the warm and crowded room gladly. The musicians were making a hideous discord tuning afresh.

"You must dance one quadrille with Miss Ronald," Lucy said to her companion.

"Why?" rather impatiently.

"Because I will not have such exclusive devotion," and she laughed gayly. "You owe the hostess some attention."

"Suppose I pay her the kind I prefer?"

"You will please to pay her the kind *I* prefer!" with a pretty imperiousness.—"Dance this first quadrille, for I am engaged."

"And for how many more?" he asked, moodily.

"None—except your waltz—" as an after thought. "Come, here is Miss Ronald."

They turned facing her. Mr. Marchmont would have let her go again but for the calling of the quadrille. He secretly hoped that some one had a prior claim.

It must have been of a very high order indeed had Miss Ronald allowed it to stand in the way of such a splendid opportunity. She thought it a decided triumph to deprive Mrs. Thorndike of her cavalier right before her face, and was only too happy and too ready to accept. Little did she dream that she owed the honor to her calm and lovely rival.

Marchmont gnawed his lips spitefully

"And you?" he said, glancing back.

She smiled and nodded in reply, thinking she had kept the secret in a most charming manner. But where was Mr. Rutherford?

He came in answer to the unspoken question.

"We shall be late," she exclaimed, holding out her faultlessly gloved hand.

"Do you care to dance? I had another thought in my mind—"

Something in the slow moving eyes and grave face arrested her attention. As if he had come to some perplexed strait and hardly knew which step to take next.

"No," she returned with a short, forced laugh, "at least not if you can offer any other attraction."

"I want to talk to you—of yourself," he said abruptly.

She started at this and looked at him so sharply that he flushed. Was this all ignorance or consummate acting?" he asked himself.

"Will it be too cool to walk down the path? I think I can find your shawl."

"There is one in the room at the end of the hall. How very mysterious you are! Do you know—I am quite afraid of you?"

There was a solitary light burning in this small apartment. The waves of music surged in more faintly, and gave a curious impression to this scene of rather graceful disorder that might have set itself up for a nameless tableau, so harmoniously were the rich colors blended.

"No, don't be afraid of me," in a husky tone, with the lips growing a shade paler. "I wish I were your friend, your brother. I wish I had some vital claim that might afford a shadow of support for this—this duty."

She was alarmed now. She came a step nearer, her deep eyes glancing fearlessly at him. Her courage and truth and purity impressed him strangely. There was more in her soul and in her nature than he had ever credited them with, and made her just so much the more worth saving.

"What is it?" she said in her direct way, an air of surprise lifting her nearly level brows.

Was not all the danger imaginary? Would he dare point it out to her?

"But you are to waltz again with him," he said, following out his own train of thought rather than addressing her. And with it came back the vision at which he still shivered. Yes, there was urgent need of his speaking, since it must be now or not at all.

"Mr. Rutherford," and she made a pretty gesture of imperious disdain, "you men are as hard, and little, and grudging with each other as the most narrow of women are said to be. Suppose I do dance with Mr. Marchmont—have I not accorded you the same favor? I am not a silly young girl to be quarrelled about?"

Her voice, though low, had a steely, unflinching ring in it, and with a brave expression she seemed to hold herself above them both.

"Oh, he said, "it was for your sake," and there was a beseeching pathos in his voice such as a mother might have used. "To-morrow I shall go away, and I should never want your face to rise up in judgment against me!"

"What bit of tragedy is this, Mr. Rutherford?"

Could he make her understand that she was dallying upon the brink of danger? Or was she one of those pure high souls that at the important moment soar above pitfalls spread in the way? For her almost scornful voice stung him.

"God forbid that I should wish to turn it into tragedy," he said earnestly. "It is because you stand so alone, because when you come to peril no warning voice might be raised—"

She gave a sudden start as if a gulf had yawned at her very feet. "Peril! peril!" she repeated, as if not half comprehending, and then she looked long and keenly into his eyes.

What vision came to her through that deep patient endurance of her scrutiny! Again the lights and the music wavered before her, the almost fiery breath upon her cheek, the strong arm encircling her. Yes, she saw his meaning now, and her cheek was stained with deepest crimson.

"Oh, heavens!" she cried in her wild confusion and distress—"you can't think—no, it would be cruel!"

"I think you a very child in your unwisdom, your eager, joyous spirits, your love of amusement, and your occasional spasms after a better and higher knowledge. But the world will not let you stay here. You must go on in some fashion. I hoped one dreamy day in the autumn past that the skies might always be as fair for you, the way unruffled; and since for highest joys too many of us pay in keenest pain, I prayed that the one might barely miss, the other never find you."

"Yes," she interrupted with scornful vehemence, "a man's prayer truly! And I tell you that I hate these narrow bounds of ignorance. Do you suppose that dressing and dancing, eating and drinking and gossip make lofty women? Yet you thrust us back to that! You ask for us vapid, stagnant lives, and then expect us to be strong."

He folded his arms across his broad chest, and his face wore an expression of pitying tenderness.

"You found a friend!"

He would not answer her tirade in kind.

"Well," she said haughtily, "and what of him?"

She possessed a certain inborn chivalry that would have made her defend the absent to the latest moment.

"We have known each other in a casual way for years. So far as the world goes, I believe Vaughan Marchmont stands fair, but I think him a dangerous guide for a woman. Better remain forever in ignorance, than be enlightened by him."

"You misunderstand him—and me also," she said proudly, turning away.

"No. Listen a moment further. He is agreeable, fascinating, versed in all the elegant ways of society, cultured and refined. He seeks only the keenest and highest pleasures. Common or vulgar amusements have no charm for him. I have seen him meet with a young, fresh soul that, reaching out for guidance, took him for master. He opened worlds of beauty and delight, he led it through flowery mazes, draining drop by drop its sweetness. He liked the power to sway, without the responsibility of answering to a well-trained conscience. And when he wearied of the blossom, it was thrown aside and left to wither."

"He could not be so selfish, so heartless," she flung out indignantly.

"And if he *were* true? Child, look into the future. Would it be wise to learn the lore of love from such teaching? Think of another claim!"

She faced him with the courage of innocence and self-esteem, that always feels itself secure.

"I am not afraid of love," she exclaimed scornfully. "You pay me a high compliment, indeed, to think that I would fail in the commonest virtue of life—fidelity. Do I not know where my duty lies, think you?"

"Forgive me," he said. "I have wounded you unnecessarily. But you seemed to me like a little sister, too precious to be brought to any pang. Forget all this when I am gone."

He opened the door and let in the blaze of light, the swells of music and laughter.

"We will not need the walk now," he rejoined, and his face was turned away.

"So longs the moth for the flame," he said sadly to himself.

She remembered that in some unconscious way she was left alone with a group of ladies, and that presently Vaughan Marchmont came. There was a peculiar, questioning glitter in his eyes, from which she shrank.

"You did not dance?" he said abruptly.

"No. My cavalier fancied that he found a more delightful entertainment."

There was a studied carelessness in her voice that did not escape Mr. Marchmont, and he felt that she was ill at ease. He could only guess that she had spent the intervening time with Mr. Rutherford, or her husband, but they had left Thorndike with a group of gentlemen over their wine, so the last supposition was hardly probable.

"I am not sure but Rutherford has serious objections to dancing," he said at a venture.

She flushed and bit her lip. This man was gifted with a peculiar prescience.

"He asked me to dance," she replied coldly, "but we talked until the sets were formed. I do not believe that we were missed."

"Yes," he said, pointedly, "I missed you."

She was in no mood for compliment and received this silently.

So they sat through the Lancers, sustaining a kind of fragmentary conversation, the greater effort on his part. Now and then some one gave them a sharp glance that brought the blood to her face. She was revolving the past warning in her mind, angry at Mr. Rutherford, and ready to suspect every one else.

"There is the Esmeralda," he said. "Will you try it?"

"No, I am too tired."

He turned abruptly. The beautiful eyes were drooping and listless, and the scarlet lips wore a cold, resolute expression.

"But I have your promise," he returned, the determination for mastery showing in his voice.

She started at it. Had she given him any such right? Did she like the power?

"I think you must excuse me to-night;" slowly, and in a tone that she meant to have been careless, but it was not.

For a man with his suavity and patience, it was strange how her words ruffled him. Interference was one of the things that he could fully brook, and in his supreme selfishness he longed to crush where he could not control. He might have thought that Rutherford's reign ended with this evening, and that at some other time he might gain a more important victory; but he felt in a vague way that she had been warned against him.

"Let us go out on the balcony," he said. "It is warm here—and you are looking pale."

She was really glad to get out of the crowded room. On their way they passed Rutherford.

His grave, penetrating eye appeared to challenge her very soul in that brief instant, and a tender, pitying, yet positive strength seemed to invite her to lean upon his clear and pure judgment. A moment ago she had hated him—why this sudden revulsion?

Marchmont ground his white teeth together in jealous rage. Careless friendship and liking to be amused, grew into a deeper and more determined feeling.

"You shall rest here;" he said, arranging a chair for her with lover-like devotion, and seating himself so that she could not be easily disturbed.

The night wind blew fresh about her fevered and throbbing brow. She glanced in-doors at the throng, eagerly intent upon passing pleasure, and then at the calm, still heavens above. Were these souls fitting themselves for any of the grand duties of life? Suppose sickness or misfortune came upon them, were they learning to be patient and strong in such a school? Was it not all vanity and weariness!

He studied her face by the faint light out here. She carried her pains, pleasures, and perplexities too readily upon it, and he could read now the defence she was meditating. Every moment would give her strength, so he could hardly speak too soon.

"Come," he said, in his most winning voice, touching her hand with the softest clasp; "this music is enough to inspire one."

"No," she answered, in a weary yet decisive tone, for his words had somehow jarred upon her soul. "Excuse me. I cannot dance again to-night."

"I shall hold you to your promise."

The cool, bland voice, made her shiver with distrust. His eyes were filled with a subtle light, and his lip wreathed in smiles. In some moods this might have prevailed with her, but she shrank now from these tokens of half suppressed power. The man looked dangerous and merciless to her.

"I cannot," she exclaimed, with the old girlish spirit and vehemence. "I am tired! sick!"

Her face attested it. Curious, flickering lines were settling about her mouth, and gray, wan shadows haunted her eyes, that seemed questioning for some means of escape like a wild, frightened thing brought to bay.

He had seen such struggles before, and knew that if he could keep her from acting upon it immediately, the victory would still be his. And as she rose he barred her with his arm, fain to keep her in her shady corner, now that the crowd was surging out for air.

"Let me go!" she exclaimed, with flashing eyes. "How dare you!"

He had no fancy for a scene, though he would not have hesitated to compromise her. But she threaded her way through the throng and disappeared, while some one stopped him with a chance word.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

OUR AMERICAN LIFE.

BY THE REV. SILAS FARRINGTON.

"The cares of this world entering in, choke the word, and it becometh unfruitful."

Even amid the simple life of pastoral Galilee, under that milder sky and delicious climate, where men scarcely had need to take thought for the morrow, where mystic and dreamy souls might exist, if they listed, almost as carelessly as the birds of the air, or the flocks of the fields; where nothing was complex and nothing was rigorous; even there cares choked the word. How many more cares are there now and here! If Jesus, as He went discoursing from place to place, arousing those who heard Him to a clear consciousness of their better possibilities, saw people going from His preaching full of a determination to trust the better impulse; to become more serious, and earnest, and helpful; yet plunging straightway into a forgetfulness of that determination amid their varying affairs, and so falling back into precisely the same sort of persons they were before,—just as disturbed, and restless, and ignoble, and forgetful of what they might be;—what would we now see, when, after the changes of eighteen centuries, our life has become so fearfully complex; the spirit of our civilization one of such intense individual responsibilities and strife; and the very fabric of our society such a bewildering mosaic of anxious cares that, from the highest executive to the humblest citizenship, there is a real need for careful concern and an almost infinite forecasting.

When, at the beginning of our era, the old channels of nationality were broken up, that diverse streams of human experience might join to swell this grand onsweeping tide of Christian civilization, the result was not entirely favorable to the pure mysticism of Galilee. God then and there seems to have favored the various disadvantages and difficulties, no less than the best elements and efforts, of the coalescing streams. The evil as well as the good entered the broadened current. And if, as the Apostle said, there was no longer Greek, Jew, Roman, or Barbarian, all being unified in the new life which took name from Christ Jesus;—yet, in this new life, every man was henceforth to inherit something of the customs, and wants, and aims, and responsibilities which pertained, not peculiarly to any one of these peoples, but to all of them. Life was straightway less simple. It was burdened with more needs, more duties, more methods of bestowing itself;—in short—a greater abundance of the cares of the world. And this new complexity pervaded equally the style of thought, and the fashion of living.

As the new civilization, pushed from its original centre, invaded other climes, and flooded broadly over the earth's surface, it became inevitably ever more diverse in its phases. Within the last half dozen centuries its complexity has grown ever the more complex. How amazing is the life of our present! We see nothing primitive here. We see scarcely anything that is original with us. Our customs, our wants, our domestic arrangements, our church machineries, our very notions and ideas come to us out of the ends of the earth. Americans are cosmopolitans above all men. It is this great and peculiar nation which, more than any other under heaven, reaps, if the advantages of universal influence, yet in no less degree the disadvantages of that influence.

How different is our life from that in other lands! In Italy, Spain, France, Germany, and in England even, families are to be found, as a rule, rather than as the rare exception, living upon the same spot, in very much the same manner, with the same means of support, from generation to generation. They live apparently without much restlessness; without much greatness of expectation or of disappointment; with little envy for things which their station does not possess. They seem ignorant of our immeasurable ambitions. They have a species of religious content in the life to which God has called them. Fixed to the spot that gave them birth, firm in the assurance of some ancestral faith, full of a spontaneous and demonstrative affection, they lead a comparatively calm earthly day until life's evening melts away amid the golden hopes of Heaven. No such life seems possible here. Every wave of the wide world dashes across us with full fury. Influences of all sorts ramify to the very extremes of our estate. Nobody is unaffected. Whatever the world produces is immediately precipitated upon us. The good and the evil of nearly all nations we are absorbing. The best and the worst that the world affords we hold in solution.

Truly we are a race of anxious watchers by all seas; alert for the last wonders of the deep; as eager for the first fluctuation in foreign opinion as in foreign stock; determined to appropriate the last absurdity of style in foreign dress; hungry always for the most recent discovery of royal caterers; wishing never to be, in anything, behind any part of the globe by more than a single click of the telegraph. It would be the greatest calamity to our cultivated and universal eagerness if the lightning would not flash the entire news of the world through the deep paths of the sea.

Never had a people so broad an outlook as our American people have. Never were people affected by influences so diverse. Every ordinary American knows so many things in general, that he really knows nothing in particular. He is aware of everything, though he comprehends nothing. If he be not stored with facts from every part of the earth's surface, he does not deem himself up with the times. And he strives to be up with the times as well in his mode of living. He has little individuality, little idea of being himself, of real simplicity. He desires instead to act like all the world just as fast as his means will permit him. There is never an end of what he would like to have, to do, and affect. Innumerable concerns besiege him. Interminable affairs beset him. He is a universal critic of small things and great; and is usually about equally competent to write a treatise upon toll-gates, or one upon the plan of salvation. Politics and theology rest upon his individual shoulders. There is no cranny or crevice into which it has not been his solemn business to pry. He is nervous, overworked, sharp, brusque, haggard, and restless. Often he has not sufficient good manners for evil communications to corrupt. He finds little time for domestic pleasures. He scarcely knows what goes on at home. He has no real day of rest. The affairs of yesterday throw a bridge of anxiety across every Sunday toward the unknown morrow, over which, even in prayer-time, he hears the steady tramp and counter tramp of his heavy responsibilities. The quality of the sermon, and the entire effect of it, are governed by the fluctuations of the market. He wishes he could help this state of things; confesses that he cannot; and sees no earthly freedom from it this side paralysis, imbecility, or his coffin. Of a truth his are the cares of the world!

This eagerness, complexity and turgidity of American life, we who are native born scarcely realize. But it is one of the first things to strike an observant foreigner. He will even notice that American children have few ecstasies; are more matter-of-fact than imaginative; are calculating rather than demonstrative; and that infancy here is overclouded by practical anxieties about the future. Even the religion of American children is greatly a casting about for the best way to escape the spiritual starvation of some future existence. We thus make what should be the very sustenance and joy of life only another and terrible anxiety—an *eternal* care!

Then, too, most intense and absorbing of every American eagerness, is our grand desire to be perfectly respectable. I use the word by necessity ironically. I do not mean respectable in the true and real sense. Would to God it were our grand desire to be that! I do not mean that we want to be respectable as Jesus was respectable; upon the thorough grounds of character; through the culture of a pure, humane, divine morality; but that we aim first, last and in all things to get, to use, to wear, and to put upon exhibition as our own, what everybody else gets and uses and wears and puts upon exhibition as belonging to them. Without this kind of respectability very few persons or families in America can be really happy or contented. Where the intelligent observer from other shores naturally expected to find the greatest social independence, he finds the very least of it. Every man here is the social slave of all his neighbors. Nobody ventures to live, either from inferior choice or from superior principle, except as everybody else lives. In Europe, the story goes, the lady in costly attire kneels before the same altar with the poorly clad peasant. The peasant is not devoured with envy. The lady is not terrified by the idea of losing caste. But here such democracy in religion is very questionable, is scarcely permissible. So afraid is American Christianity of confounding social distinctions, that we have or dinarily on the right an aristocratic church, and on the left a mission chapel for the poor. If we cannot assemble and meet together in a sufficiently respectable manner we are out of all interest in the religion of Jesus. And this desire to be up with everybody in everything pervades each stratum of our social life.

Of course all this complexity and vieing with one another, and general anxiety about universal interests, does not leave character unaffected. We are too choked with affairs to be genial. We have few real friendships. Most of what we call friendships are matters of business convenience. What an amount of talk one hears about social *duties!* Who hears any about social *joys?* We feel that we ought to visit or invite the neighbor; but how glad we are when the ceremony is over. It is a great relief to have done the duty. We shake hands in compliance with custom. We ask after health for information. Little heart goes into our manners. We always stare at enthusiasm. We are at an utter loss how to interpret anything disinterested. We take it for granted that a human being never acts save from a selfish motive. We cast precious little bread upon the waters. And statistics show how very few Americans ever die of sentiment.

Always and everywhere we are just this restless, anxious, responsible, calculating, energetic, care-ridden people. Nobody questions our practical intelligence, our marked self-reliance and executive ability. Never were people better fitted to the cares of this world. But the word is fearfully choked. The sentiments are thickly overshadowed. The heart is crowded out of place. This continual tempest of affairs tells upon us seriously. Few faces turned of thirty are radiant. Few souls are calm. Our best friends look worldly worn. A congregation appears firm rather than hopeful, critical rather than devout; stoical rather than saintly; resigned rather than cheerfully content; more determined to make the best of it, than full of that peace which is eternal sunshine in the soul. Every preacher knows that God can give him no message which will not, like the sower's seed, fall among thorns. "The cares of this world entering in, choke the word, and it becometh unfruitful."

Now, concerning this state of society into which we are born, we are not to repine. Not only is it inevitable, but it is providential. This complex civilization, child and heir of all past, appropriator of all present civilizations, has its eternal necessity, its divine reasons, for existing. It is as wrong as it is useless to sigh for a more careless career, a less responsible period. The picture of quiet life in the old world, where the anxieties of state never fall, where the church and not the individual settles all accounts at the gate of heaven, has its attractions; especially as a picture. But we would not, if we could, recall even the less complex life of our ancestors of a hundred years ago. For us, our own time we believe is the best. Our day is sent us directly out of heaven. We are conscious that these innumerable channels into which our thoughts necessarily turn do not indicate the lowness of our estate, but are the glory of it. He that is made steward over many things must have more capacity than he who could care but for few. So our time is preferred over any that has preceded it. Our multifarious duties are the price we pay—and gladly pay—for the most illustrious phase of civilization. We know full well that the average intelligence and culture and morals of our American society—though far enough from satisfactory—are higher than elsewhere on the face of the civilized earth. We would not exchange our present condition—just as it is—for any state of greater leisure, fewer interests, or lighter responsibilities. We are confident that they who are self-governed are the best governed; that they who open the gate of heaven for themselves are the surest that it is opened; that the things we attend to with our own hands are the least likely to disappoint us or deceive. We envy none who throw the cares of state on royal shoulders; none who accept assurances of salvation from official priests; none whose affairs go forward by proxy. Nay, we exult in a state of society very different from, and very superior in many respects to, any the world hitherto has seen. At the same time we realize, and ought to realize, some of its incidental disadvantages. We know how the world encroaches upon the soul; how anxious affairs cripple character; how cares choke the living word; how our faith and serenity and generous humanities get trampled under the feet of our varied concerns.

In an ordinary congregation almost everybody is well-intentioned. All have an interest in the truth which Jesus felt and taught and lived. They recognize that life in its aim and spirit is God's word to them. It is significant of what they themselves should be. In His story they read their own better possibilities. It stirs aspirations for truer living. It stimulates all better sentiments. It arouses the true ideal. The depth of His nature speaks to the depth of their natures. When the true spirit of Jesus's life is presented they receive the word with joy.

But how soon cares begin to germinate. Follow the devoutest hearer to his home. Let it be an average American home. Nobody can know better what the cares of the world are than the faithful American wife and mother. Martha, we are told, was cumbered with much serving. Alas, what would Martha do here and now? The necessities of Judean life were as nothing compared with what we deem our necessities. What she shall prepare for to-day's table different from yesterday's fare; how she shall attend to its preparation, and yet appear in neat attire and unflurried when it is served; how she shall conceal her fatigue or dissatisfaction when all is done lest she abridge the gladness of the family; how she shall neglect nothing at home, and yet be mindful of various duties outside her home; how she shall be at once economical and benevolent; how she may appear respectable herself, and yet not infringe upon the numerous necessities of her family; how she shall be faithful as a wife and mother, and at the same time prepare herself to take public trusts, the duties of the jury box, the use of the ballot; all these alas are the cares which cumber our American Marthas. Some souls perhaps can sweep through all these things with a sort of mysterious serenity. Some are utterly recreant to them it may be. But the most part, it seems to me, live in a sort of desperate struggle to keep their countless cares from destroying their ideal of womanly character. It is this multiplicity of little things, forever on the mind, which early chisel the anxious features; give the distracted, absent-minded expression; make the smile seem somewhat forced, and give rise to so much restlessness and rebellion—to so many

attempts of the American woman to leave her place and be a man!

Thus on all hands great danger to individual character attends our social estate. To change that estate is impossible; quite undesirable in the main! Many artificialities, many foolish customs, could and ought to be dispensed with. But do our best our life will still be more complex, full of more varied interests, beset by more minor and major cares than fall to the lot of any other people to whom God's living word comes. So amid this great fusion of life, this recasting of the nations, this new civilization which it is believed will modify the practical life of all the ends of the earth, we have occasion to fear lest while our eyes see this vast elevation of the people, our hearts and characters suffer amid the hurry and toil which bring it to pass.

There are a few considerations, however, which may help us. In the first place, it will be reasonable and right for each one of us to go to this enormous strain upon nerve, and brain, and spirit as under God. Just here, amid just these novel and trying circumstances, our lot has been cast. Just here is our providential appointment. We are called to do our life's work as practical, active, thoughtful and true Americans. We are called to do that work fearlessly, faithfully and well. I know of nothing more unmanly, more pernicious skeptical, more atheistic than a practical refusal to enter heartily into the great social problem we here have to solve. If God had wished you or me to live under a monarchy, political or ecclesiastical, we should not find ourselves here to-day. What folly this carping and resistance one sometimes meets with! Had we been needed for some different, more lazy, more careless, less democratic kind of life, our eyes would have opened in some hovel or mansion, upon the slope of an Alp—near the protection of a court—within sound of monastery bells. Were we desired or destined to do other than American duties, to be faithful to other than American ideas, to fulfill our stewardship in some other than this American vineyard, thither should we have been sent. No. Just the problems social, religious, and individual that meet us here, and the multifarious cares that come upon us here, and the strange movements that rise around and amaze or perplex us here, and the little anxieties of which we may not here be rid—these are the things, great and small, embraced in our stewardship. As truly as God ever gave other men their work to do in other places, so truly He gives us our work here. We are responsible for the way in which we lead our life here, and we are responsible for nothing besides. And to tell us daily in what spirit we are here to act, the word of God ever seeks to be heard in our hearts. It tells us to fulfill our duties here religiously. It does not counsel us to flee or shirk these responsibilities; to bid for selfish ease or "cloistered cell," our country and our friends farewell. Only this. It bids us recognize our life's activities as our providential tasks; our Father's will calling us to them; His constant inspiration found, if sought, to cheer us while we work.

To really enjoy our life, to have any true satisfaction in it, to feel its import and actual worth, we must regard it as it really is, not as something which we ourselves have evolved, and which we are leading for ourselves alone, but as God-given, largely related, and divinely led. Then our religion will no longer be one thing, and our practical life another—as with so many it manifestly is—but our religion will be our daily life, its true activity, strength, and satisfaction. Then the cares of the world will not choke the word, but the word will enter amid the cares to lighten greatly the burden of them, and duty will be privilege—and whether we have the rough and sterner tasks of men, or the innumerable home problems of women, we shall be able to meet them bravely, cheerfully, hopefully, conscious that if we do to-day's work well, we are thereby the most surely earning our heavenly reward. In this light even servile labor shines, "the meanest task's divine."

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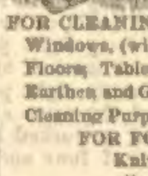

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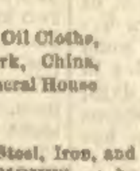

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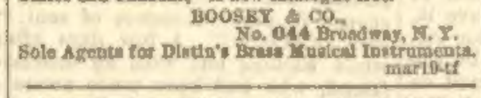

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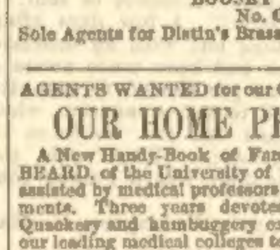

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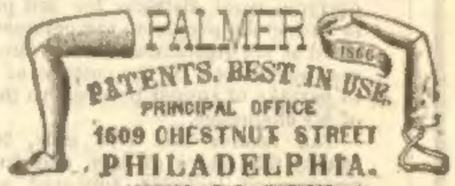

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WIT AND HUMOR.

English Election Humor.

An amusing incident is related in connection with the recent election for Southwark in England. In the course of the day a costermonger in a donkey-cart arrived at one of the polling-booths to record his vote. The donkey was sumptuously decked out in green ribbons, the emblems of the Odger party. The voter, on being asked the customary question, "For whom do you vote?" said "Beresford." This announcement was greeted with a wild yell by the assembled mob, the reasoning members of which, however, in kindness, as they thought, to the voter, drew his attention to the mistake he seemed to be making, of confusing Odger with Beresford, presuming that as he had dressed up his donkey in green, of course he himself intended to vote green. Thus challenged, the man said, "Oh? it's all right. I'm a Tory; it's my donkey that's a Radical—but he's an ass!" The *denouement* may be imagined; a renewed yell on a magnified scale.

A Personal Argument.

Counsellor R——, one of the foremost advocates of the Bar of Central New York, was himself a collegian, and was naturally anxious that his oldest son should reap the honors of his own *Alma Mater*. The counsellor had been quite wild in his early years, and Master Will manifestly inherited a superabundance of what the philosophers of the Josh Billings school would call "pure cussedness." During his first year at college, Will was suspended for some flagrant breach of discipline, and arriving at home, he proceeded to report the occurrence to his father. "Suspended, hey?" the old lawyer remarked, laying down the volume of *Reports* that he was perusing, and looking reprovingly at Will over his spectacles. "A pretty beginning you've made of it, I declare!" The culprit put his hands in his pantaloon pockets and said not a word. "Well, sir!" continued the parent, becoming angry at Will's perfect nonchalance, "what have you to say about it?" "Nothing, sir." Nothing, indeed! What did the president tell you when he suspended you?" "He said I was the worst young man the college had ever held—with one exception. "Ah! Did he say who that was?" "Yes, sir." Ah!" (A slight pause.) "And who was it?" "My father, sir." As may be supposed, the last reply was a perfect *non sequitur*.

VERY SICK.—"Massa's berry sick—de doctor says he can't lib mo' dan two, three, four days longer!" exclaimed Peter Snow, with a sad countenance. "Berry sorry for you, Pete—but de beas of massas will die, dat am a fac—dar ain't no help for dem. Wot am de perticlar diagoosense ob his case, Peter?" "De doctor says he hab got two buckles on his lungs and ta-more on his stumic; den he habs a digestion of de brain, a palpitation ob de alementary canawl, an de hydsofogy in de kid-knees, an sumfin or oder am de matter in de region of de gizzard! Oh! it am a dreffal case!"

AN ABSTRUSE CALCULATION.—Mr. O'Flaherty undertook to tell how many were at the party. The two Crogans was one, myself was two, Mike Finn was three, and—and—who the mishcief was four? Let me see (counting his fingers)—the two Crogans was one, Mike Finn was two, myself was three—and—bedad! there was four of us, but St. Patrick couldn't tell the name of the other. Now it's meself that have it. Mike Finn was one, the two Crogans was two, meself was three—and—and—be the powers, I think there was but three of us after all.

A Lesson in Rhetoric.

Brown was invited to visit a town in the extreme rural districts for the purpose of lecturing the people on temperance. He arrived at his destination late in the evening, and was invited to the cottage of a farmer to partake of supper previous to the display of his eloquence.

The farmer had two sons, twenty to twenty-five years of age, and to them a temperance lecturer appeared something more than an ordinary man. Brown had great difficulty in drawing them into conversation, but at length the ice was broken, and the following colloquy was the result:

"I suppose you've both affixed your names to the pledge long ago?" queried our friend.

"Which?"

"I suppose you are both temperance men, and have pledged yourselves to abstain from the use of every thing that intoxicates?"

"The which, stranger?"

"You do not get the idea clearly. I was expressing the hope that you do not indulge in intoxicating beverages?"

"Eh?"

"That you do not indulge in the mebriating cup."

"Sir?"

"Do either of you drink liquor? That's what I am trying to get at."

"Waal, stranger!" exclaimed the eldest, "I didn't know but ye was a-talkin' French jabber. Why didn't ye ax the thing right eout? Sam and me don't drink no liquor to speak on, 'cept hayin' and harvest, and then we drink right smart. So does fayther and everybody 'round here. If ye talk French stuff in yer lecture, stranger, 'twon't du much good, I tell ye, for nobody won't know a word what yer means in this yer neck o' timber, sartin and sure."

Brown declares this to be the best lesson in rhetoric he ever received, and he made an unusual effort to adapt his words to the comprehension of his hearers in that "neck o' timber." Other speakers may profit by the hint,

A RARE PLANT.—When the great American aloe, belonging to Mr. Van Rensselaer, of Albany, having been in New York on exhibition, was on its way up the river, under the care of the gardener or keeper, a gentleman, struck with the beauty of the plant, made many inquiries regarding it. In the course of the passage the inquirer remarked: "That belongs to the cactus family, does it not?" "No, sir; it belongs to the Van Rensselaer family," was the reply.

MOUNT PISGAH.—A gentleman, favorably known in high moral circles in Philadelphia, named Jacob Stone, was relating to a Sabbath-school his travels in the Holy Land, and among other things told the scholars of the ascent of Mount Pisgah. On the following Sunday a teacher asked, in the course of the lesson, who ascended Mount Pisgah? A little urchin promptly cried out, "*Moses, Elias, and Jacob Stone.*"

A POSSIBLE NEW SUMMER FASHION.

Be warned in time! Retribution in the shape of a deformed foot may overtake you all who wear high heels and narrow boots; for soon the female toot-sicum may be worn bare in the manner we have endeavored to depict above.

An Eye to the Future.

On the upper lakes it is the custom in winter to cut holes in the ice, and the fish, attracted by the light, collect and are taken in large numbers. It often happens that they are of small size, and these the fishermen usually give to the poor women and children who are always about. Jake Walton was an old fisherman, as noted for his profanity as his success in his calling. One day Jake had a large haul of small fish, and a few large size. Culling some women, he gave them the large ones, and proceeded to gather up the small for sale. One of his fraternity inquired the cause of this strange action. Jake turned his eyes with a quizzical look, and said, "I've heard say that what you give to the poor you lend to the Lord. Now, when them fishes is paid back, I don't want no such mess of darned little fishes put on me."

The French Minister.

Who shall say that the wit and beauty of the country is not largely to be encountered in Washington during the sessions of Congress? Instance: Two or three winters since the pretty face and stylish figure of a young lady named Brown, from New Hampshire, were to be seen at most of the receptions which form so important an item in Washington society. Reports of the wealth of the young lady's papa served not to lessen the interest felt in her by the young men who much abound at such places. Silent, she was a power; but when she opened her mouth, which was seldom—alas! At a large reception, the first she attended, among other celebrities, the Mexican Minister was pointed out to her. "Ah!" was her response, in pure innocence of soul, "*where does he preach?*" A few days afterward, while walking out with an intimate lady friend, who had been made aware of the terrible *faux pas* alluded to, her attention was directed to a fine mansion, which she was informed was the residence of the French Minister. "Why," said she, "I didn't know there was a French church in Washington!"

And of such is the kingdom of—Washington!

Magnetic Travelling Stones.

They have walking stones in Australia, and, as we are informed, they have travelling stones in Nevada. Here is a description:—They were almost perfectly round, the majority of them as large as a walnut, and of an irony nature. When distributed about upon the floor, table or any other level surface, within two or three feet of each other, they immediately begin travelling toward a common centre, and there huddle up in a bunch, like a lot of eggs in a nest. A single stone removed to a distance of three and a half feet, upon being released, at once started off with wonderful and somewhat comical celerity to join its fellows; taken away four or five feet, it remained motionless. They are found in a region that, although comparatively level, is nothing but barren rock. Scattered over this barren region are little basins, from a few feet to a rod in diameter, and it is in the bottom of these that the rolling stones are found. They are from the size of a pea to five or six inches in diameter. The cause of these stones rolling together is doubtless to be found in the material of which they are composed, which appears to be loadstone or magnetic iron ore.—*Seaside Oracle.*

A Hint to Chair Makers.

Chairs as they are generally made are a disgrace to our civilization. Common sense, if not a knowledge of anatomy, should have long since suggested wiser patterns, for sake of both comfort and health. Yet, while in almost everything else we have innumerable forms furnished and pressed upon our attention, in chairs it seems impossible to escape the traditional elements of badness which re-appear under every variety of material, carvings and adornments. The chair you are now sitting in has a back possibly straight, more likely convex at the height of the shoulders and concave at the small of the back. Sitting up as stiff as a poker, you may escape its inconveniences, but more likely you have settled down to your fate in it, till your shoulders are pressed forward, and you are doubled over into a position neither anatomically elegant nor healthful. These curves should be exactly reversed. The small of the back needs support, as you will find by filling the concavity of the chair back with a cushion; and the shoulders do not need pressing forward as chair-builders seem to suppose. This matter is of considerable consequence to those who have to sit a great deal, and such a man will find it as much for his interest to take pains to have a good chair, as a good pen, or a good watch.

The Author of Jane Eyre.

It has been the fashion to speak of Charlotte Bronte's novels as if their power was due to the calamities of her life. The power was in the woman, and not in her griefs. The excess of these disordered her strength. We should like to have seen Charlotte Bronte out of her endless life of school teaching, out of her other life in that graveyard parsonage, with the father stuffing the hearth-rugs up the chimney, and sitting in the burning stench to evaporate his flaming tempers—away from the life with the dying sisters; with the sinful, drunken, ruined brother, dying too—we should like to have seen her neck out of the yoke to which it was bowed to earn her daily bread, and her heart healed of some of its draining sorrows, and her studies in life and in books widened, and her days, alas! lengthened out; and better creations than Rochester would have lived in her pages.—*Nation.*

American Beauty.

American maidens, not American matrons, have established our national reputation for beauty. Their blooming reign is brief. A librarian in one of our most popular public libraries, who has long enjoyed the opportunity of observing, from year to year, great numbers of the same faces among the lady-readers, estimates the average duration of this fragile loveliness at less than three years. He assures me that the young woman who appears in the perfect bloom of physical beauty to-day will, especially if she should marry within that period, generally lose, before its close, nearly all that had made her face especially attractive at its beginning, and then appear, not three, but six, eight, or ten years older. The European woman, on the contrary, increases her social consideration by marriage, and expects to lose nothing of her personal charm. It is in Germany, France, or England, not in America, that we look for the queens of society among women of advanced age, for those highly vitalized and magnetic feminine natures that retain their power to please in apparent defiance of the course of years—that grace society and command the sincerest homage at the age of seventy.

Bread Fruit.

It is generally about the size of a melon, a little fibrous towards the centre, but everywhere else quite smooth and puddingy [we thank Mr. Wallace for this expressive term,] something in consistence between yeast-dumplings and batter-pudding. It is baked entire in the hot embers, and the inside scooped out with a spoon. I compared it to Yorkshire pudding; Charles Allen said it was like mashed potatoes and milk. In no way is it so good as simply baked. With meat and gravy it is a vegetable superior to any I know, either in temperate or tropical climates. With sugar, milk, butter, or treacle, it is a delicious pudding, having a very slight and delicate, but characteristic flavor, which, like that of good bread and potatoes, one never gets tired of.

AGRICULTURAL.

Rhubarb from the South.

BY PETER HENDERSON.

It is exceedingly difficult to name the annual profits from an acre of rhubarb in full bearing, as everything depends upon earliness. Even here in the vicinity of New York, growers vary in their statements from $100 to $500 per acre. The difference of a week in earliness makes a difference of $200 and $300. Here, then, is a chance for many a point in the Southern states, for if this vegetable will net these profits per acre in the latitude of New York, that from Southern growers, if equally well cultivated, and thrown into our Northern markets three or four weeks earlier, must yield very large returns. We have any quantity of annual vegetables from Southern states, such as cabbage, radishes, onions, lettuce, cucumbers, and tomatoes, but we rarely see a bunch of Southern rhubarb or asparagus. Besides, as these two articles mature their crop in early spring, the low temperature at that season ensures their safe shipment, even if delayed a week in the transit to our Northern markets. The loss in tomatoes, cucumbers, and such articles as become marketable in summer, is often great, from the high temperature at the time of shipment. Most vegetables and fruits would come in better order if they remained in the package 8 days in an average temperature of 50 degrees, than if kept for 3 days in a temperature of 90 degrees. Hence those fruits and vegetables maturing at a low temperature are best fitted to be grown at the South for Northern markets.—*Agriculturist.*

Bee Notes For April.

This is a very important month with the bees, indeed it may be said that the month of April decides the prosperity of most stocks. Bees need and should have considerable care during this month. Strong colonies have been breeding more or less for the past three months, but now they commence in earnest and the last of this month should find them very populous, and drones ought to appear in good stocks by the first of May. Finely ground unbolted rye flour fed to them now is very important, so much so that no good beekeeper can afford to have his bees without it. Spread it about an inch deep in shallow troughs, and put it about a rod from the hives. On all warm days they will not be slow in convincing us that they fully appreciate the favor we have conferred upon them. This answers the purpose of fresh pollen (bee bread), and is eagerly appropriated until the real article can be obtained from flowers. This feed stimulates early and extensive breeding, and also helps to lengthen out the supply of honey until flowers appear, so that no swarm dies for want of a few pounds more honey. It would be a shame for them to come to grief now, when they are so near through. I have no doubt that a judicious feeding of about three-fourths of a pound of honey per day during this month and next, to even heavy stocks, would be amply paid for in large early swarms and surplus honey during the season. But this would require some care not to excite robing, and must not be omitted a single day.

The larvæ of the bee moth should be looked after as the season advances. In the morning there are usually more or less found on the bottom board stiff with cold, but if not destroyed will find their way up among the combs again during the day. If hives have not been properly ventilated, or from any cause, some combs are mouldy, cut them out now, for they are worse than nothing in the hive. All upward ventillation should be shut off now, if it has not been done before. G. W. P. JERRARD.

Comparative Value of Hay, Corn and Roots.

An acre of ground retained expressly for hay yields on an average not more than one and one-half tons of vegetable food; an equal space planted with carrots or ruta bagas, will yield from ten to twenty tons, say fifteen tons, which is by no means a high average, and has often been attained without any extraordinary cultivation. It has been ascertained by careful experiment, that three working horses, fifteen and one-half hands high, consume hay at the rate of two hundred pounds per week, or five tons and one thousand and forty-eight pounds per annum, besides one and one-half bushels of oats per week, or seventy-eight per annum. By a repetition of the same experiment it was found that unworked horses consume hay at the rate of four and one-quarter tons per annum.

The produce, therefore, of nearly six acres of land is necessary to support a working horse for one year; but half an acre of carrots at six hundred bushels per acre, with the addition of chopped straw, while the season for feeding them lasts, will do as well, if not better. These things do not admit of doubt, for they have been the subject of exact trials, as some of your agricultural friends can testify.

It has also been proved that the value of one bushel of corn, together with the fodder, upon which it grew, will keep a horse in good working order for a week. An acre planted with corn, and yielding sixty bushels, will be ample to keep a good sized horse in working order for one year.

Let the farmer, then, consider whether it is better to maintain a horse on the produce of half an acre of ruta bagas or carrots, or upon the produce of an acre of corn; or, on the other hand, upon the hay or grain from six acres of land—for it will require six acres of good land to produce the necessary hay and grain as above. The same reasoning might be made use of in the feeding of cattle and sheep.—*Stock Journal.*

Unfermented Manure.

Many excellent farmers have an idea that manure to be most efficient in raising crops should be well rotted; but this is a mistake. Manure loses a very heavy per centage. Fresh manure, dripping with animal urine, hauled directly from the stable on the land and ploughed under, is worth nearly double that which has decomposed to a saponaceous consistency. When it is convenient for farmers to haul their manure on corn ground from the stable as fast as it is made, it saves handling it twice, and forwards the work in busy spring time. No fears need be entertained that the atmosphere will carry off the strength of the manure if left on the surface. The only danger to be apprehended by this method will be in case of the ground being frozen and covered with snow and ice when the manure is applied; if upon sloping land, the virtue of the manure might wash away; but on level land there is no exception to this plan of operation during the entire fall and winter season.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

RECEIPTS.

COCOANUT CAKES.—Take the meat of the nut and grate it as fine as you can. Weigh it, and add the same weight of fine sifted sugar, and wet with egg to the proportion of one egg to 1 pound of the mixture. Bake them in small patty tins in a slow oven, and let them remain in the tins till cold. Keep the cakes in a dry place. I prefer myself the addition of a little flour, and generally put half as much flour as cocoanut meat and of sifted sugar—the united weight of both flour and cocoanut. S.

LOTION FOR THE HAIR.—Oil of sweet almonds, liquor of ammonia, (of each one ounce and a half) spirit of rosemary four ounces, Eau de Cologne one ounce; mix and use with a spunge on the head night and morning.

MUSLIN RUFFLES.—The following plan will make muslin ruffles very stiff: Let them dry before starching them, allow them to dry again, and then starch them a second time, and, before ironing, damp them with a little thin starch water.

LOSS OF HAIR.—The only thing I ever found really efficacious when the hair was falling off was an infusion of the young shoots of the box-tree. Take a handful of them, cut them up, and pour enough boiling water over them to cover them; when it cools, pour the liquid into a bottle through muslin, to get rid of the leaves. It is better not to make much at a time, as in a fortnight the smell becomes disagreeable.—*Harfra.*

THE RIDDLER.

Miscellaneous Enigma.

I am composed of 129 letters.

My 5, 9, 11, 2, 19, 60, 118, 1, 16, 12, 14, 64, 3, 125, 27, 10, 15, 38, are molluscs which have their gills in lamellæ.

My 7, 42, 111, is a film.

My 8, 25, 23, 30, 85, 20, 113, 103, 95, 64, 33, 97, is applied to fishes with unequal lobed tails.

My 9, 91, 82, 93, 121, 119, 125, 128, 13, is a word often used by military officers.

My 24, 55, 50, 67, 33, 47, 6, 118, 39, 42, is a silicious mineral.

My 26, 95, 17, 69, is taken by all living beings.

My 29, 35, 51, 57, 105, 124, are alike.

My 37, 75, 28, 4, 126, 74, 107, 34, 89, 114, 64, 65, are crustaceous animals related to insects.

My 36, 19, 46, 74, 81, is essential to life.

My 41, 54, 94, 103, 123, are alike.

My 43, 63, 21, 101, 100, 125, 65, 127, is one of the systems of rocks.

My 45, 66, 29, 49, 118, 58, 76, 52, 44, 31, 48, 56, is a fossil amphibian.

My 53, 83, 86, 18, 110, is the felonious taking of property.

My 62, 85, 88, 99, 84, 96, is an agent who transacts business on commission.

My 70, 84, 90, 104, 71, forms a part of the head.

My 76, 126, 77, 120, 117, 32, 80, 44, 88, 2, is what every farmer should have.

My 78, 106, 108, 79, 40, 115, 73, means mushroom-like.

My 79, 112, 109, 61, 129, is a nodule of stone containing crystals in its cavity.

My 98, 84, 87, 30, 83, 129, is to rout, to frustrate.

My 116, 92, 72, 68, 50, is a cloth for a bed, a piece of paper.

My whole is a verse from the Bible.

Honeytown, Ind. PHILIP.

Enigma.

I am composed of 18 letters.

My 1, 2, 3, 4, is a compound relative pronoun.

My 5, 6, 7, is a verb.

My 8, 9, 13, is an insect.

My 10, 11, 12, 13, is a verb.

My 14, 15, is a preposition.

My 16, 17, 18, is a writer for THE POST.

My whole is a query of an old subscriber.

DOT AND DASH.

Plainville, Ohio.

Mathematical Problem.

Required—the axes of the greatest ellipse that can be inscribed in a semi-circle whose radius is 30 feet.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

McKean, Erie Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

The interest of the sum of ¼ of James's, 5-9 of John's and 5-12 of William's fortune for 3 years, 7 months and 6 days at 10 per cent. is such as will in the same time at ¼ as great per cent. amount to $581. What is the fortune of each, allowing 1½ times William's part of the price to equal ⅔ of John's, and 7-10 of John's to equal 1-5 of James's?

E. F. M.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why do thieves lead a comfortable life? Ans.—Because they take things easy.

☞ When is iron like a band of robbers? Ans.—When it is united to steal.

☞ Why is the Prince of Wales like a chignon? Ans.—Because he's the heir apparent to the crown.

☞ Why are dogs like good humorists? Ans.—Because they always have a waggish tale.

☞ Why is the bald head of a man like Greenland? Ans.—Because it's the great white bare place.

☞ My first is what lies at the door; my second is a kind of corn; my third is what nobody can do without, and my whole is one of the United States. Mat-ri-mony.

Answers to Last.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—"There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may." METAGRAM.—Flame. (Blame, Frame, Flume, Flake, Flam.)

ASPARAGUS.—Put the stalks into bundles, cut them the same length, tie up with strings, and boil in hot water without salt for three quarters of an hour. Remove the strings, and serve on buttered toast; pour over some pressed butter, and season with pepper and salt; or, the toast may be omitted, and a little vinegar added. The stalks must be scraped below the green head, before boiling, and kept in water until ready to cook.

SALAD SAUCE (FRENCH.)—Boil one egg hard. When cold, remove the yolk, put it into a basin and bruise it to pulp with a wooden spoon. Then add a raw yolk and a teaspoonful of flour, a small teaspoonful of salt, a quarter of pepper; then add half a spoonful of vinegar, stir it round, pour over a tablespoonful of oil by degrees, then a little more vinegar, and two more of oil, until eight teaspoonsful of oil and three of vinegar are used. Season with half a teaspoonful of chopped onions, two of parsley, and pinch of cayenne. It will keep sometime if properly cooked.

SAVORY OMELET.—Take one or more eggs, break them carefully, putting the yolks into one basin and the whites into another; beat them up separately; chop fine some parsely and onion (shalot, if preferred) between into the yolk with a little pepper and salt, then add the whites and beat all together for a minute or two, then pour the whole into the pan in which you have previously put some butter or nice lard; while it fries keep scraping the whole into the middle of the pan with a fork. The moment it is set take it off, as otherwise a hard skin will form, and it will be leathery in consequence. Serve with or without gravy according to taste.

IN starching clothes, mix [illegible] inch with water and pour boiling water upon it, but do not boil the starch. It will take about half the usual quantity. Stir it round with a little end of spermaceti candle to make it iron glossy.

NEW PAINT.—Hay sprinkled with a little chloride of lime, and left for one hour in a closed room, will remove the smell of new paint.